

*John Dick 25 Wellington St Strand*

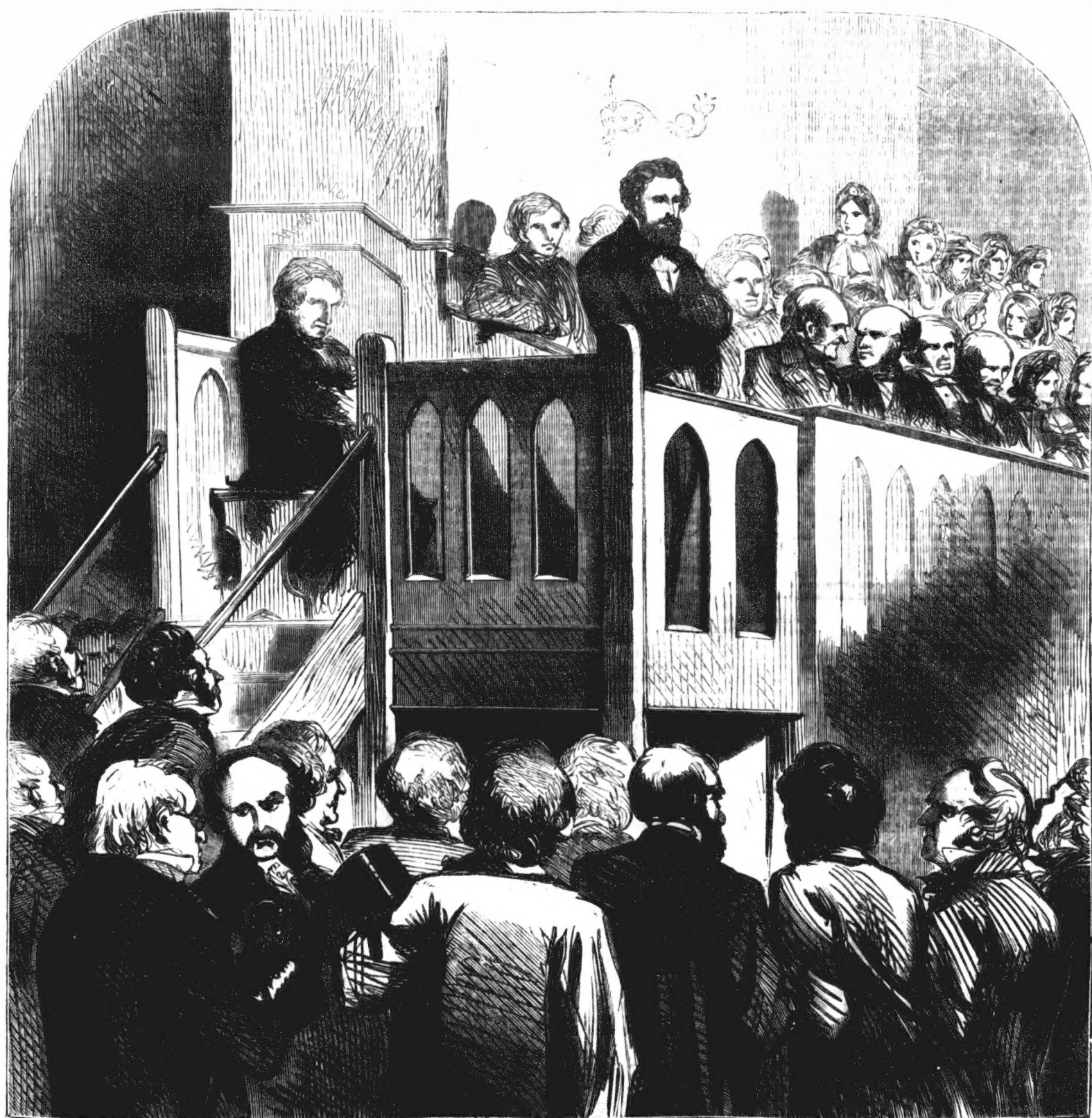
# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

ONE PENNY



WILLIAM ROUPELL, EX-M.P. FOR LAMBETH, UNDER EXAMINATION FOR FORGERY. (See page 739.)



## Notes of the Week.

On Tuesday morning an inquest was held at the Duke of Wellington, South-street, Chelsea, before Mr. Bird, coroner for the western division for the county of Middlesex, touching the death of Robert Wright, aged thirty-nine, a police-constable of the B division. Catherine Wright, widow of the deceased, deposed—I reside at 101, South-street, Chelsea. About five minutes to eleven o'clock on Saturday morning upon entering the bedroom, I found deceased suspended to the bedpost by a handkerchief. He was formerly a sergeant of police, but was reduced in consequence of drunkenness, and he has continued such habits ever since. On Saturday morning deceased was very much the worse for liquor, and was brought home about twenty minutes to seven insensible and bleeding. We used to quarrel frequently when he was drunk. Other evidence having been taken, the jury returned the following verdict:—That deceased committed suicide by hanging whilst in an unsound state of mind.

About a quarter before two o'clock on Tuesday morning a serious fire broke out in the Railway Carriage Works at New-cross, and the flames soon shot up into the air as almost to equal that of the great fire in Tooley-street. Some idea of the extent of the conflagration may be formed from the fact that the building in which it commenced was between 270 and 300 ft. long, while in one part it was 50 ft., and in another between 70 and 80 ft. wide. The lower portion of the building was fitted up with lines of metals for shunting the carriages, whilst it contained some thousand pounds' worth of carriages, some finished, some partially so, and some undergoing repair. Over this floor were two others, also stocked with carriages and other property, including the painters', the stuffing, the grinding, and the polishing shops. The loss of property must amount to many thousand pounds.

RICHARD BURKE, who was convicted at the last Clerkenwell assizes of the poisoning of his wife, was executed on Monday. The ground was kept by a large body of police and a detachment of Hussars. From the respectable position formerly filled by the unfortunate man, great interest was manifested in witnessing his execution. All the approaches to the goal were crowded, gas lamps, pumps, &c., from which a view of the fatal trap could be obtained, being covered with occupants. The windows immediately in front of the goal were crowded with spectators, amongst whom were several respectably-dressed females. Burke, contrary to expectation, exhibited much firmness on the scaffold, but appeared deeply penitent, reverently kissing a crucifix which he held in his hand. He prayed for some minutes very fervently, encouraged by the clergymen, and was in the act of waving his hands, as if imploring mercy, when the bolt was withdrawn. From the great length of the rope, death must have been instantaneous. The body gave one convulsive struggle, and afterwards it swung mechanically with the rotatory motion of the rope. He was respectably dressed in black; he left no declaration.

An utterer of forged Russian rouble notes has just been apprehended at Homburg. He is a native of that place, who in early life went to Russia and engaged in commerce; having lately returned to Homburg, he assumed all the style and expenditure of a man of fortune, and sent notes of the value of 300 roubles to a money-changer, who gave him coin for them. On afterwards examining the notes, the money-changer discovered that one or more bore numbers identical with other rouble notes in his possession, and in consequence the culprit was arrested and is now in prison. Forged notes to the extent of more than 1,000,000 roubles, or about £170,000, are said to have been found in his apartment, but probably the amount is an exaggeration.

The following extraordinary story is current in the neighbourhood of Plaistow and the Victoria Docks, and has caused considerable excitement, not to say consternation. It is said that a plague ship, a screw steamer, having on board 90 bales of cotton and some crew and passengers, ran the blockade of the American southern ports, and so far as the ship was concerned, succeeded in reaching Gravesend in safety. At this place, though it must have been well-known that the yellow fever was raging in the ship, it was not detained, but permitted to come up the river and take its mooring in the Victoria Docks, with some of its crew or passengers lying dead, and the fever at its height. This appears to have come to the knowledge of some person in authority, for the vessel was speedily ejected from the dock basin, and where it has taken up its location is a mystery. To give some colour to this tale, it is added that two men, well known in Plaistow as getting their living by boarding newly arrived ships—one for work, and the other for the seamen's washing—went on board this alleged plague-ship, and have not been allowed to come on shore again. Great blame must rest somewhere, as a vessel of this kind should most certainly not have been permitted to go into a dock situated in a district densely populated by people who obtain their livelihood from the shipping, &c.; and supposing that the man who went on board the steamer for the washing had brought the clothes on shore and delivered them to the washerwoman, who can tell what amount of contamination might have resulted.

A FIRE took place at a few minutes before three o'clock on Monday morning, on the premises of Mr. Ewain, 2, Curtain-road, Shoreditch. The Royal Society's fire escape and engines having arrived, the men, after repeatedly knocking at the street door, succeeded in arousing the inmates, some of whom were enabled to get out of the building without much difficulty, but four persons—a female and three males—managed to reach the roof of the blazing premises, and there they were hemmed in by fire and smoke. How to escape seemed an impossibility, and they were just on the point of jumping off the roof when a conductor pitched his fire escape in front of the window, and he succeeded in bringing them down, without anyone receiving the least personal injury. The engine of the parish of Shoreditch and several of the London Brigade, and numerous others were also present. Although a good supply of water was procured, the fire could not be extinguished until the flames had passed almost through the building, and had destroyed the contents of the shop and other rooms on the ground floor. Three other fires took place during the morning, but the damage done at each was not much.

BETWEEN one and two o'clock on Sunday morning, a labouring man, named Patrick Farrell, aged fifty-five, of Poole's-place, Mount-pleasant, Clerkenwell, died as it would appear from oxalic acid, administered by mistake for Epsom salts. His wife went to purchase two pennyworth of salts and senna, at a chemist's shop in the neighbourhood. Instead of the right medicine it is stated that a packet of salts and oxalic acid was served by the assistant. On returning the wife proceeded to make "senna tea" for her husband. On opening the package she said, "He has given me all salts," upon which she returned to the shop to get the senna, but the shop was closed. Upon her return, previous to his going to bed, the husband said he would take "the salts," on which she opened the smallest of the packages and gave it to him. After he had swallowed it he complained of a burning sensation in his throat, and from his alarming symptoms medical aid was called in, and Mr. Bryant, of Laystall-street, and Mr. Day, of James-street, were promptly in attendance. The poor man was found to be dead. The assistant has been taken into custody.

LORD JAMES HAY, a Peninsular officer died at Spa, in Germany, on the 17th inst., aged about seventy. Lord James belonged to the Tweeddale family, being a younger son of the late, and brother of the present Marquis of Tweeddale. He retired a long time ago, and lived in retirement at Seaton House, Old Aberdeen, where he held extensive property. He was made a lieutenant general of the army in 1854, and a general on the 18th of June of this year. Lord James Hay was a Waterloo officer.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

THE Imperial Government organ the *Moniteur* of Monday says:—"The newspapers have been asking for some days what will be the attitude of the French Government in view of the agitation which now prevails in Italy. The question is so clear, that any doubt seems impossible. In view of insistent threats, and the possible consequences of a demagogic insurrection, the duty of the French Government and its military honour oblige it more than ever to defend the Holy Father. The world must be well aware that France does not abandon in time of danger those to whom she extends her protection."

It is stated in a French paper, on the authority of a despatch from Turin, that Victor Emmanuel takes the command of the army of Southern Italy, and Cialdina that of Sicily. This act of vigour, it is thought, would place Garibaldi under the necessity of submitting, or of coming into open and personal collision with the Sovereign. If the King entered the field in person it would show that the movement has assumed a most serious character.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes the following declaration:—"There is not, and there could not be, in France but one feeling and one opinion as to the attitude which it suits us to maintain at Rome in view of the worst eventualities. When the French flag shows itself anywhere in the reign of Napoleon, it does not give way before menaces, and, whatever it protects, is well protected. If from follies of language, Garibaldi were to pass to follies of acts, the punishment would not be long waited for, and the Holy Father may remain calm and tranquil behind the rampart of French breasts. Upon that point, we repeat, there can be in France but one feeling and one opinion. But to crush the madmen who would not pause before the liberating flag of Italy, would be only a sad necessity of honour—it would not be a solution, for the military question would not resolve the political one. They who confound these two things undesignedly or intentionally, and who seek to create a deplorable misunderstanding in order to profit by it, do not merit even a reply."

## ITALY.

The following report has been addressed by the Italian Government to King Victor Emmanuel:—

"General Garibaldi has raised the standard of rebellion. Your Majesty's name and that of Italy serve only to veil the intentions of European demagogues. The cries of 'Rome or death!' are senseless insults to our glorious ally, and retard the only possible accomplishment of our unanimous wishes. As General Garibaldi remains deaf to your voice, and unmoved by the thought of lighting up civil war, energetic action has become necessary. The rebellion of Garibaldi imposes upon us the necessity of treating the country occupied by volunteers as a country occupied or threatened by an enemy. We therefore advise your Majesty to proclaim a state of siege. The Ministry accept the responsibility of this measure."

The following letter from Sicily has been addressed to the Turin correspondent of the *Press*, dated Pietraperzia, August 12:—

"I write in great emotion. Yesterday I had the honour of lodging General Garibaldi in my house. Invited by the Unitary Emancipation Society, he came among us. Impossible to describe the general enthusiasm. The clergy, the National Guard, the municipal junta, the entire people conducted him to the cathedral, where, after a solemn *Te Deum*, and an address by Father Pantaleo, General Garibaldi announced to the assembly his programme of 'Rome or Death.' All the population is in movement. The Syndic and his two sons were enrolled. At this moment a deputation is occupied in collecting money to equip the new volunteers. Garibaldi is highly satisfied. The deputy Nicotera, Colonel Oddo, Major Basso, and Father Pantaleo are with Garibaldi."

(Signed) "VICENZO DI BLASI."

The *Official Gazette* of Turin has the following intelligence from Caltanissetta:—

"During Garibaldi's stay here on the 10th, he took possession of all the military accoutrements contained in the Government storehouse, viz., 257 cloaks, 265 pair of trousers, 44 pair of shoes, 310 foraging-caps, 200 cartridge-boxes, 6 drums, 6 bugles, 6 boxes of cartridges, 22 muskets, besides drawers, shirts, black stocks, kettles, &c., in short, all there was to the amount of 14,000fr. In the letter by which he summoned the Deputy-Inspector of the garrison to give up these articles, he said that knowing there were in the storehouses military accoutrements belonging to the Southern army, he demanded them, taking the responsibility upon himself. The Deputy-Inspector replied in writing with a refusal, unless a precise order from his superiors was produced; but Garibaldi sent him back his own letter with the following words written on the margin, 'The articles demanded are necessary to me, and therefore they must be delivered up to me at any cost.' On receiving this intimation the Deputy-Inspector called on Garibaldi, and declared that in delivering up the articles he was acting under compulsion, against which he solemnly protested. A paper was then drawn up, and signed both by Garibaldi and the Deputy-Inspector, in which it was explicitly stated that the first application had been refused; that Garibaldi had insisted upon the delivery; and that the latter had been effected under the pressure of force."

The Turin *Official Gazette* says:—"News received from Palermo and other towns, except Catania, states that the authority of the Government has been everywhere maintained, and that perfect tranquillity prevails. The latest despatches contradict the alarming statements invented by several journals. The extraordinary commissioner telegraphs that agitators have adopted a system of propagating disquieting intelligence. Re-assuring news has been received from all quarters. Menotti Garibaldi advanced towards Messina. He encountered the royal troops upon his march, and was compelled to return to Catania."

## AMERICA.

A Washington correspondent, writing on the 12th inst., states:—"There were not so many applicants for exemption papers at the British Consul's office, yesterday, as there were the day before, and yet the office was thronged all the forenoon, and a couple of police-officers were employed to preserve order. About 3,000 certificates have been granted by the consul since the order for the draft. It will be remembered that his jurisdiction extends to all parts of this State, and that applications are sent to him by letter from a distance as far south as Texas, and as far west as Iowa. Nine-tenths of the applicants are Irishmen. This is a matter of surprise since, in the language of Bishop Hughes, in a recent speech, so many Irishmen have joined the American army because they love American institutions, and because they wish to learn how to use the implements."

A battle has been fought at Cedar Mountain, between Stonewall Jackson, the Confederate leader, and General Pope. The latter was taken unawares and suffered a heavy loss, and was obliged to fall back. The Confederates were also roughly handled.

## HUNGARY.

Garibaldi issues a proclamation, urging the Hungarians to insurrection. The *Italia* contains the following proclamation from General Klapka:—"Your voice, General Garibaldi, would have found an echo if you had uttered the war-cry at the head of volunteers, united to the royal troops, in order to march against the Hapsburg dynasty. Such is not now the voice of Italy. The example of the Servians, Greeks, and Montenegrins, tells us to await a more propitious moment to respond to such an appeal."

that which you address to us. Having been betrayed in our hopes does not reconcile us with oppression, but engages us to husband our forces for better times."

## RUSSIA.

The following is from a St. Petersburg letter, dated August 17:—"The Japanese Ambassadors are petted and in every way caressed by a far-seeing Government. They are lodged in residences, and I should not wonder much to believe that this is the way everybody lives in this menagerie of happiness. Valuable gifts are continually coming to them, and an army of servants blazoned in gold, is placed at their disposal. But while care is taken to play upon the feelings of the interesting barbarians, no opportunity is neglected to impress their susceptible minds with the notion that here at length they have come to the most powerful state of the universe. The very first audience they had at Court, the Emperor assured them that he was well-disposed towards the Japanese, adding a great many things more in a tone of haughty protection, and treating them as the ambassadors rather of a tributary than an independent prince. Since then they have been shown over the winter palace, and, I presume, taught to infer the greatness of their entertainer from his inhabiting the largest house in the world. One of these days they will be treated to a military manoeuvre, with the simultaneous discharge of a hundred guns as the crowning feature of the whole. And so forth from one gigantic exhibition to another. Were Russia inhabited by giants, and the houses ten stories high, the plan evidently adopted by their *ciceroni* might have been carried out to perfection; as it is, the Japanese are probably shrewd enough to perceive that, with all its towering edifices and enormous buildings, decent broadcloth on well-to-do backs is scarcer to be met with in all St. Petersburg, than in the one Oxford-street or Regent-circle they have left behind them."

## RUMOURED FRENCH INTERVENTION IN AMERICA.

THE Baltimore correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes:—"Between the middle of May and the 25th of July nine steamers and three sailing vessels brought full cargoes of arms, ammunition, military and medical stores, drugs, cloth for military uniforms, cannon, and other articles most needed at the South. A letter of despatches from the rebel agents in Europe to the rebel Government came over in the last steamer. This gentleman had left London on the 14th of July, and had been in Paris on the 11th, where he received despatches from Mr. Slidell. A few days previous Mr. Slidell had had a private interview with the Emperor, at which the Minister for War and the Minister of Marine were present. The interview lasted several hours. Mr. Slidell says that the results of the interview were in the highest degree satisfactory. There is another point on which the French news by this arrival is positive and explicit. It relates to the Emperor's designs in Mexico. So far from having been abandoned, those designs are being prosecuted with greater vigour than ever, and on a scale of magnitude that will ensure success. The naval expedition, which will include a fleet of iron-clad vessels with powerful armaments, will be so managed as to operate either against Mexico or the United States, as events may decide. Other facts, learned by this arrival, imply that the intervention of Napoleon will take the form of a *coup d'état*, and that it will startle the world like a clap of thunder. The theory thus shadowed forth is that after Napoleon has massed his troops at Vera Cruz, and has assembled his fleet of iron-clad steamers in that harbour, he will issue a manifesto acknowledging the independence of the South on the ground that they have shown their ability to maintain their independence, and stating that in order to bring the war to an immediate termination he has determined to give to the South such aid as will render hopeless any further prolongation of the strife on the part of the North. That he will then at once transport his army to Mobile and bring his fleet into the Southern waters. That if the war continues, he will continue to reinforce the South both with land and naval forces, until a peace is concluded on the basis of a separation of the Southern from the Northern States."

## MR. H. WALKER'S NEEDLE PILLAR.

MR. WALKER of Gresham-street, and of Alcester, has shown in class 32 the manufacture of needles from the steel wire to the labelled parcels or packets, and he has illustrated at the same time all the improvements, patented or otherwise, made in this important article of commerce since the Exhibition of 1851.

We have here surrounding the pillar, a complete educational arrangement, and a commercial classification, in fact, everything that an International Exhibition could possibly require. The penelope crochet is shown in all its sizes, and in every ornamental or useful handle. To every good crochet worker it is well known, who is not to be deceived with a substitute for it.

Fish hooks are also shown in abundance, and Mr. Walker appears to leave nothing absent that can be required either for sea or inland use. He also exhibits numerous patented modes of putting up pins, hooks (and eyes, needles, &c., in a most convenient manner for buyers and sellers.

A great deal of room which is really wasted in this class would have been well applied in Mr. Walker's hands, for although everything can be seen very well which he shows, and is really well worth seeing, there is still rather a crowded case, and four-fifths of the goods prepared could not be admitted at all. He, however, has done well by retaining specimens of his patent ridged-eyed needles, the manifest importance and beautiful simplicity of which have been noticed by scientific writers, and we look in vain for anything at all of corresponding merit or novelty, or for labels of equal beauty of design and execution, to those which distinguish these celebrated needles.

THREATENING NOTICES.—These cowardly missives continue to be sent in various parts of the south of Ireland, especially in the county of Tipperary. In the local journals a number of reports are given, which strikingly exhibit the disturbed state of the district.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND AT HIS POST.—On Sunday morning, about seven o'clock, a fire, which at one time threatened to be serious, broke out at Dunrobin Mans. Some of the children had been playing about a rick of hay, and one of them having a quantity of lucifer matches, he was foolish enough to apply one to the hay, which speedily ignited, and was soon consumed. An express was instantly sent to Dunrobin Castle, and in a very short time the fire engines from the castle was on the spot, and the Duke of Sutherland was the busiest of the busy in getting the flames extinguished. A correspondent says, "the duke wrought like a brick," and, fortunately, the progress of the flames was stayed.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

A MAN ON FIRE.—On Thursday the 21st inst., a labourer, at Glasgow, named William Gourlay, was severely burned, by his clothes taking fire. He was engaged at the time in stowing a cargo, consisting of whisky and other goods, in the hold of the Elizabeth and Mary Ann, of Limekilns, lying at the South Quay. On discovering himself enveloped in flames he leaped into the river, and thus managed to extinguish them, but not until he was much burned about the arms and left leg. He was taken out of the water by his fellow labourers, and sent to the Royal Infirmary. The cause of the accident is unexplained. There had been previously tar barrels in the hold of the vessel, and consequently there was a good deal of tar lying about. There might have been, therefore, on Gourlay's clothes a quantity of this inflammable material, and if he had been smoking (which he, however, denies) a spark from the pipe might have set on fire the clothes.—*Glasgow Herald*.



## Provincial News.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—DEATH BY DROWNING OF WILLIAM HANNAY, ESQ.**—It appears that this esteemed gentleman and upright magistrate left Nottingham about three weeks since, with his two sons, Mr. William Hannay, of Leamington, and Mr. Charles Hannay, of London, for his annual summer excursion. The party had spent some days in Jersey before the melancholy catastrophe which ended in the death of the father. Mr. Hannay and his sons having explored the wild coasts and bays of the picturesque island in which he had taken up his brief sojourn, determined to go by the steamer proceeding from St. Helier's to Sark. They procured a shore boat and were rowed to the steamer, which lay, with steam up, at some distance from land. The sea about these islands is rough even in the calmest weather, and on the day of the accident there was a heavy swell, although the wind was by no means high. The boat, near the steamer, when, from some unfortunate mischance the frail craft became entangled in the paddle of the vessel, and all the occupants were plunged into the sea. Mr. Hannay was caught by one of the floats of the paddle and carried round and round. His two sons were also engulfed, and were saved with the greatest difficulty. The boatman also had a narrow escape with his life. The steamer was immediately stopped, and a search instituted, but for some time without result. Eventually Mr. Hannay's body was found, the hands grasping with the tenacity of death the radii of the fatal paddle-wheel; but when taken on deck it was found that life was completely extinct.

**YORK.—DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.**—One of the most alarming and destructive fires that have been witnessed in the West Riding for some years occurred at the mills of Messrs. J. T. and J. Taylor, millen manufacturers Batley, near Dewsbury. The mills are adjoining to each other, and occupy a large space of ground at Clerke-green, in Batley. One of the mills has only been built about twelve months, and it is said that all the machinery had not been got into it. The other mill has not been erected many years. By this great some 300 or 400 persons are thrown out of employ. The fire is said to have been caused by the friction of one of the machines. The damage is estimated at from £20,000 to £30,000, but a large portion of this is covered by insurance.

**ELOPEMENT AND ROBBERY FROM NOTTON.**—At the Leeds Town Hall, James Lombard, carver and gilder, a gay Italian, who had inspired the affections of Mrs. Jackson (wife of Mr. John Jackson, of Norton, near Malton), was charged with being in possession of a quantity of valuables, which Mr. Jackson claimed as his property. The circumstances attending the elopement and robbery have been repeatedly before the public, but as the husband has condoned the moral offence by again taking his erring wife to his arms, and as both husband and wife express their anxiety to rescue the prisoner from his dangerous position in the dock, it may be interesting to report that part of the evidence adduced, which was given by the fatherless wife and her paramour.—Mrs. Hannah Jackson, the wife of the prosecutor, was examined. She is a tall, gaunt woman, apparently some twenty years older than the young man with whom she had eloped, and her appearance in the box excited considerable interest. She was genteelly and quietly dressed, and throughout her statement it was evident that her object was to shield the prisoner from all complicity in the alleged felony. She said: I left Norton on Thursday, about a month ago. Before leaving, I packed up my clothes, and everything that was found in the house in Foulpar-street, Leeds, was packed up by me. The prisoner had nothing to do with it. I had previously arranged to leave my husband, owing to his bad conduct towards me. Prisoner did not in any way induce me to leave my husband, and he did not leave Norton on the same day as I did; nor did he know where I was going. The prisoner occupied the same bed-room as I did, but not the same bed.—The magistrates committed Lombard for trial at the sessions, but said that under the peculiar circumstances of the case they were unwilling to keep him in prison, and would therefore accept bail for his appearance, himself in £50, and two sureties in £25 each.

**KENT.—DEATH BY DROWNING, AT RAMSGATE.**—Some sensation was caused in the town of Ramsgate on Saturday morning, in consequence of the body of an old inhabitant, named Henry Bristow, a driver by occupation, aged sixty-seven, having been found on the rocks in the vicinity of the harbour. Mr. R. J. Emmerson, coroner, held an inquest at the Town-hall, on the body of the deceased, when the following particulars were elicited:—Thomas Jackson, a labourer on the pier, proved that on the previous evening, half-past nine, he saw the deceased on the west pier, leaning over the wall, and looking toward Pegwell Bay. Knowing the deceased was asked him what he was doing there at such a time of night, to which he replied, that he often came out for a walk, and he had got a few friends on ahead. Witness then left him, and he (the deceased) went toward the cliff. Deceased appeared in his usual spirits, and did not seem to be in liquor. Mr. Alfred C. Ayres, surgeon, who had examined the body, said he perceived no marks of violence on it, except a slight abrasion of the skin on the left side of the face. Deceased had been a patient of his, and for the last few years had been in a weak imbecile state, but there was not the slightest sign of his being of unsound mind. George Revell, a labourer, proved that he saw the body of the deceased on the west pier head at half-past six that morning. Other evidence was given, but as there was no further proof of the way in which he came by his death, after brief consultation the jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

**LINCOLNSHIRE.—DREADFUL OUTRAGE.**—The inhabitants of Gilling, Lincolnshire, were thrown into a state of great excitement on Sunday last, by the fact transpiring that an attempt at murder had been committed under the following singular circumstances:—It appears that on the previous Saturday night, about twelve o'clock, a man named Percival, formerly ostler at one of the inns in the town, was returning to his home, and when crossing the sheep market he met a man named Leadbeater, a labourer, from the adjacent village of Pinchbeck, with whom he had not the acquaintance; suddenly, and without provocation, Leadbeater rushed upon him, and cut his throat with a large knife, inflicting a serious injury. Percival was accompanied by another man, but the deed was accomplished so quickly that he was unable to prevent it; and whilst in the act of raising his wounded companion, the assassin rushed upon him, and inflicted a similar wound. The fellow then ran away along the Bourn-road, but was pursued by a couple of policemen, who came up at the time, and about a dozen other persons, who, after a chase of nearly half a mile, succeeded in capturing him near the Pied Bull public-house, on the Bourn-road. The wounded men, Percival and his companion, were, in the meantime, conveyed to Dr. Morris's surgery, where their wounds were promptly attended to; but they were found to be of so serious a nature that the doctor deemed it advisable to have them lodged at the neighbouring public-house, lest their removal home should prove fatal. At present no possible motive can be ascribed for the fearful deed, and it is generally supposed that the prisoner was suffering from temporary insanity.

**COUNTING THE CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.**—In less than a month we shall have over a million of soldiers in the field, and an immense iron-clad navy afloat. We shall then show the world how to crush out a rebellion in a style of unprecedented boldness and completeness. In three months [the old] "unbety" there will be no rebel armies left.—*New York Herald.*

## MEMOIR OF MR. ROUPELL, THE SELF-ACCUSED FORGER AND PERJURER.

THE extraordinary revelations made in a trial at Guildford by Mr. Roupell, ex-member for Lambeth, and now an inmate of Horse-monger-lane Gaol, have excited the utmost curiosity in the public mind. Mr. Roupell, the self-accused forger and perjurer, is only now thirty-one years of age. He was brought up to the bar; and, in 1857, returned to Parliament for Lambeth by an overwhelming majority. The following is an outline of the criminal career of this lost and wicked young man:—

Mr. Richard Palmer Roupell (his father), of Roupell-park, Streatham, was a lead-smelter, who in the course of business had amassed vast sums of money. In addition to personal property, worth about £120,000, Mr. R. P. Roupell had invested a large amount in landed property, situated in Essex, Hampshire, London, Southwark, and Lambeth. Besides these he had acquired an estate at Kingston, in Surrey, valued at £20,000, which was made the stalking horse of the Guildford action. The circumstances of this trial are so full of dramatic incident that it will at once take its place amongst the *causes celebres* of this country. Mr. Roupell, the lead-smelter, had in early life entered into a connexion with a lady whom he subsequently married. By her he begat five children. Of these four are illegitimate as having been born before marriage in 1838. After that date a fifth son was born in July, 1840. This last, Richard by name, was the plaintiff in the Guildford action, as his father's heir-at-law. Richard Palmer Roupell, the father, seems not unnaturally to have reposed unlimited confidence in his second and favourite son William, the future member for Lambeth. William Roupell made use of this confidence to defraud his father, to defraud his brothers, and to swindle the public.

At the end of 1854 William Roupell was in pecuniary difficulties, involved to a considerable extent with a maternal uncle. He then persuaded his father that a company for which he was trustee was lessees of his own estate, had taken it at a rental of £2,750, and intended to expend on it £50,000. On this understanding William Roupell induced his father to consent to the purchase for £5,000 of a property adjacent, belonging to a gentleman named Treadwell. Negotiations were entered into. The property was purchased; and the father gave to his son the amount of the purchase money in two cheques. These cheques William Roupell appropriated to his own use, satisfying his father's mind by forging Mr. Treadwell's name to a receipt for the amount. This transaction, forgery number one, took place in January, 1855. On the 1st of August the purchase was to be completed; £5,000 must be paid to Mr. Treadwell. William Roupell then hit upon a second expedient. On a pretext in which the Unity Company was again brought forward, he obtained from his father the title-deeds of the Norbiton estate, to be taken to his father's solicitor. Of these deeds he caused counterparts to be made, which were placed in lieu of the originals in his father's strong box. He then employed a solicitor to draw up a deed of gift to himself of the estate, forged thereto his father's name, juggled two gentlemen into witnessing the forged signature, and obtained a loan on mortgage to the amount of £7,000. Of this, £5,000 was paid to Treadwell. The other £2,000 he reserved for his own extravagance. This completes forgery number two. In January, 1856, William Roupell again found himself in difficulties almost overwhelming. His father possessed an estate at Warley, in Essex. The deeds were again produced, and counterparts were made of the leases, with increased rents. A second deed of gift was forged—a loan was obtained for £15,000, and forgery number three was perfect. At length, on the 12th of September, 1856, the lead-smelter went to a land where mortgages and title-deeds are of no avail, and "where thieves cannot break through and steal." Mrs. Roupell, too much overwhelmed by grief, entrusted the keys to her son William. In the strong box he knew so well, William Roupell found the will of his late father, a will dated October, 1850, bequeathing the Norbiton estate to his youngest son Richard. To this was appended a codicil, dated the 30th of August, 1856, not a fortnight before the old man's death, appointing two respectable gentlemen, Messrs. James Surridge and William Clarke, co-trustees with his wife and son, to the different bequests, some of them in favour of the younger children. "It would not do to destroy the will, for probably there would be the draught of it at the office of the proctors," William Roupell obtained a general form of will at a stationer's, filled it up with his mother's name, as universal legatee, and with a more recent date. This instrument he attested himself, adding the name as witness of an old man aged eighty-five, his father's collector. The property was made over to the supposed legatee. His influence over his mother was still more unbounded than over his late father. She seems to be a weak woman, unacquainted with business, and implicitly adopting the acts of her favourite son. Her establishment was maintained. She was supplied with money, and the management of the large property, the nominal possession of which she had obtained by the villany of her son, was confided to his care. Then did he gratify the instincts that had led him into crime. He astounded the world by his lavish expenditure, and presented himself as the popular candidate of a populous constituency. Estate after estate was sold, his mother acceding as a passive tool to acts apparently but gigantic follies, but in reality stupendous crimes. At length, however, neither crime nor folly could be longer sustained. The seat in Parliament was abandoned, and Mr. Roupell left his country which he had disgraced, and his family which he had ruined. Discoveries were made which he could not evade, and his family now endeavour to recover the property of which his infamy has deprived them. He himself comes forward calmly and coolly to confess his felony, and to establish by the weight of a perjurer's oath the claim of his kin to the wealth he has stolen from them. It has been stated that the amount of property squandered away by William Roupell was between £200,000 and £300,000, but there are good grounds for believing that in addition to this enormous sum he is considerably in debt and otherwise involved. He will be tried at the next session of the Central Criminal Court. When Mr. Roupell was elected for Lambeth he drove round the chief streets of Lambeth at the head of a lengthened cortege, which looked like the procession of a conqueror, as indeed it was. Mr. Roupell was, at that time, regarded as the man of gold of Lambeth; and when he rode in triumph round the borough, with his mother seated in the carriage beside him, there were few who looked upon him who did not feel something akin to envy at the brilliant destiny to which, apparently, he had been called. We well recollect the first appearance of Mr. Roupell in the House of Commons. In the way of oratory or statesmanship nothing was ever expected of him, and therefore no one was disappointed at his legislative career. He could, however, speak, not only with fluency, but with appropriate taste. We heard his first speech in the House of Commons, and we heard his last; and the last, too, that he can ever make in any assembly of the kind, whatever may be his future destiny. Although Mr. Roupell entered the legislature so triumphantly, yet his parliamentary career was beset with thorns from the very commencement. He had not been in the House many weeks before the ominous threat of a petition was heard, and it was speedily carried out. His election was objected to on the ground of corruption, and a lengthened investigation took place. Before the committee appointed to try the merits of the petition, Mr. Roupell was himself examined at great length; and we remember that in the course of that examination he was asked a question, and gave an answer, which is worth recalling as a kind of commentary upon the proceedings of the past week. He was closely questioned with regard to his payments on account of the public-house, and as to some alleged underhanded proposition that had been made to him, which he repudiated. The examining counsel then put this question to him:—Suppose such a proposition had been made to

you, what course would you have adopted with regard to it? And the answer of Mr. Roupell was this:—"If any man were to make such a proposition to me, or to make any kind of dishonourable proposition, I would knock him down." It is believed that the apparent frankness of that answer greatly influenced the committee in their decision, and they declared Mr. Roupell duly elected. And yet at that very moment he was raising money upon deeds that he had himself forged, upon spurious documents which he himself had concocted, and upon a fictitious will which he had manufactured almost in the presence of his dead father's body. And who could ever have entertained a suspicion of these things from an observation of the man in the House of Commons? Nobody. He looked like a frank gentleman; but it is now unhappily demonstrated that he was dissimulation itself. He was rather short in stature; he had an open, ingenuous countenance, which was adorned with a profusion of light beard, and at a distance he presented a strong personal resemblance to the late Mr. Albert Smith.

The illustration in the front page represents Mr. Roupell as he appeared before the assize court at Guildford.

## TRIAL OF THE TAYLORS FOR MURDER.

At the Northern Circuit, Liverpool, before Mr. Baron Wilde, William Robert Taylor, aged thirty-seven, and Mary Ann Taylor, his wife, were indicted for the wilful murder of Evan Meller, at Manchester, on the 16th of May last. The male prisoner pleaded "Not a shadow of guilty; the female prisoner, "Not guilty."

The court was densely crowded, the case, as it will be remembered, being of a most extraordinary nature.

(Illustrations in reference to the unfortunate affair were given in a previous number of this journal.)

Mr. Monck, Q.C., who conducted the prosecution, explained that the deceased man, with whose murder the prisoners were charged, was a house agent in Manchester, and in October last the prisoners took a house of him, in Britannia-buildings, Strangeways, and entered into possession. On the 16th of May last young Mr. Meller went to his father's place of business at nine o'clock, and arrived there before his father. The two prisoners called there at nine and inquired for Mr. Meller, and being told that he was expected shortly, they sat down in the ante-room of the office to wait. Mr. Meller's office was in St. James's-building, on the second floor. A few minutes after young Mr. Meller heard his father's step, and his voice saying, "Good morning, Mr. Taylor." Immediately after he heard his father, in a tone of complaint, say, "Oh, Mr. Taylor!" on which he went into the ante-room, and saw the male prisoner struggling with his father, with something in his hand, with which he was striking or stabbing at his father under the blow. He rushed forward towards him and the moment he did so the female prisoner presented a revolver at him. He turned back and attempted to close the door. He then heard the report of firearms, and, rushing out, saw his father lying on the landing of the stairs bleeding from the mouth and in a state of insensibility. The deceased was taken up quite dead to the infirmary, and upon him were found no less than eleven wounds. The alarm given brought the police to the place and the prisoner was pointed out and taken into custody, and he then said "Thank God, my work is done," and he also said that Mr. Meller had "murdered his children." On being taken to the police-station, Taylor delivered up three keys, and calmly told the policeman what doors they opened, and said of one, "That will open the bedroom, where you will find something." The officers went to his house, which they found in great disorder, with much damage done to the house. The marble chimney-pieces were broken, and one was on the floor of the room indicated; and on the floor, with their heads on the marble slab, they saw the dead bodies of three children. Each child had a clean vest on, and round the neck of each child was tied a piece of black ribbon, and round the waist and upon the dress of each child was fastened a piece of paper having written on it the name and age of the child at the back, and on the other side written:—"We are six, but one at Harpurhey Cemetery lies. Meller and Son are our cruel murderers. God and our loving parents will avenge us. Love reigns here. We are all going to our sister, to part no more." Two nights before the prisoner and his wife slept at the Victoria Hotel. They had no luggage. With regard to the motive which could have given rise to such an act, the prisoner seemed to have been actuated by resentment and revenge. The rent of the house they had taken became due at Christmas, and they did not pay it, and were threatened with a distress. On the 24th of January, owing to the kitchen boiler of the house being out of order, steam became generated in it without escape, and it burst, seriously injuring one of the prisoner's children, and damaging the house. This child had died from the injuries it then received, and the prisoner claimed compensation from Mr. Meller for the death of his child, which had been refused. This seemed to have excited a strong feeling of animosity in the prisoner's mind against Mr. Meller. He had been farther exasperated by being distrained upon for rent. As to the female prisoner, there was evidence to prove her active participation in the commission of the crime; and though the law in minor offences exonerates the wife, as acting under her husband, this was not done in a charge of murder, where the wife was equally responsible. The jury found the male prisoner "Guilty," but acquitted the female. Taylor was then sentenced to death. Taylor himself manifests not the slightest contrition for the act which caused Mr. Meller's death, and in any allusion which he has since made to the subject he qualifies his conduct, and even intimates that under similar circumstances he would take the same part again.

Taylor, one evening, had a conversation, which lasted about an hour and a half, with one of the principal officials of the gaol. The chief topic upon which he dwelt was his trial, and he expressed a strong conviction that if his case were laid before the Home Secretary he would receive pardon, and that in the course of two or three weeks he and his wife might be comfortably on their way to Australia. The gentleman to whom these remarks were addressed, endeavoured to convince him that there was no hope left for him in this world, but he failed in his object. Mrs. Taylor, at the instigation of her friends, has left Liverpool for Lunston, near Bridgewater.

**A FALSE PRINCE OF WALES.**—At about three o'clock the other afternoon a tidy-looking mechanic, apparently about forty years of age, sauntered into the Branch Bank of England, in Bennett's-hill, Birmingham, and quietly requested an advance to the moderate extent of £30,000. To the very natural inquiry concerning the kind of security he intended to give, he replied that he was the Prince of Wales, and should not think of giving any security whatever. As this revelation concerning his high rank and position did not produce the money, his royal highness condescended to explain that he was on a tour through England, and that, having run out of cash unexpectedly, the advance he requested was absolutely necessary. Still the clerks were incredulous, and our mechanic referred them to the Directors of the Bank of England, and requested them to communicate at once, as he was in urgent need of the money. After some further parley, the clerks, finding the poor fellow was evidently crazed, induced him to leave the bank, but no sooner had he done so than he commenced smashing the windows with stones. A large crowd immediately collected, and he was soon given into custody. He was found to be a tin-plate worker in town, and had called a few days previously at the bank for an advance, which was refused. On the same evening the bank window was broken, and his manner then being quiet and much more reserved, the suspicion being attached to him.



THE CAMP AT CHALONS.

IMMEDIATELY after the Paris fêtes the Emperor paid his annual visit to the camp at Chalons, of which the following particulars will be found interesting.

There are few countries more historical than that whereon lies the camp of Chalons. It was there that was fought, in 451, the great battle of Attila, the deciding combat of civilisation against barbarism. The country is in no way changed at this day, and, if we close, we might still follow the movements of the different bands engaged on those eventful plains.

The present camp of Chalons, thus named in spite of a large and pretentious village close to it, called Suippe-la-Longue, forms a parallelogram, for we cannot call it a square; on the west it follows in a straight line the road from Chalons to Vouglers for six or seven miles; to the north it has a broken line eight or nine miles, till it reaches the stream of Mourmelon. It extends about the same length to the east, which follows without a curve the course of the Vesle and Noblette, a small river which flows into the Mourmelon. This plateau, which covers a space of nearly 11,000 acres, is perfectly flat, and, consequently, marvellously well adapted for manoeuvres on a grand scale, for we

On the other side of the Roman road, and parallel with the trees, are the tents and head-quarters, a few hundred yards beyond which is the camp of the 1st brigade of cavalry, the Chasseurs; then those of the Dragons and Lancers; lastly, those of the Chasseurs and Guides; then begin the Cent-gardes and the two companies of Engineers. The line then opens and is divided between the two divisions of infantry, Zouaves and Grenadiers, Chasseurs and Voltigeurs. Along the whole front of the line the soldiers have contrived to cultivate kitchen gardens. Then come the kitchens and dining-rooms of the officers, their tents disposed in three ranks; then those of the soldiers—one allotted to eight horse soldiers, and one for ten foot. The horses are picketed, and the staffs of brigade and division are placed in front of their respective corps. They have also set apart portions of ground for their built, good roads traced out, and in fact nothing is wanting. Such is, in a few words, a description of this camp, purchased by the Government to become a permanent military establishment.

On the 20th the Emperor assisted at the experiments of firing cannon by electricity. This new mode is called electro-telegraphic and has been practised at Chalons during the last two months in presence of commissioners selected for the superior officers of artillery regiments.

to No. 7 Cubitt's-town, Poplar. We waited a little distance from the shop, and saw a man go in. It was Hanton's shop. Some few minutes afterwards I went into the shop as prisoner as leaving. I said to him, "Just let me look at your mouth." He did so, and I looked for the purpose of seeing if he had a missing tooth in the lower jaw. I could not discover it. I took him into the parlour, and asked him if he had been in the 7th Hussars, and I, said, "No." I asked him if he had been in the 52nd Foot, or the Marines. He said "No." He also denied having the letter "D" as a brand, which I found under his left arm. I saw his hand drop, and seized it and his pocket, and felt a pistol. I called for Hawkes, and he immediately took the pistol out. Prisoner said it was loaded with a bullet. He said, "I'll be quiet—I'll not harm either of you." (Pistol produced with the ball in the barrel, which was unscrewed from the stock.) I found in the same pocket a box of percussion caps. In the left hand waistcoat pocket I found this bullet loose. In the white jacket under his coat I found a packet of letters. On the side of one was the following: "My dear Annie,—May the Lord have mercy upon me! I showed the prisoner these letters, and asked him if that meant Annie Barnham, and he said "Yes." I told him I was a police-officer after I found the letter "D." I showed him the photo-

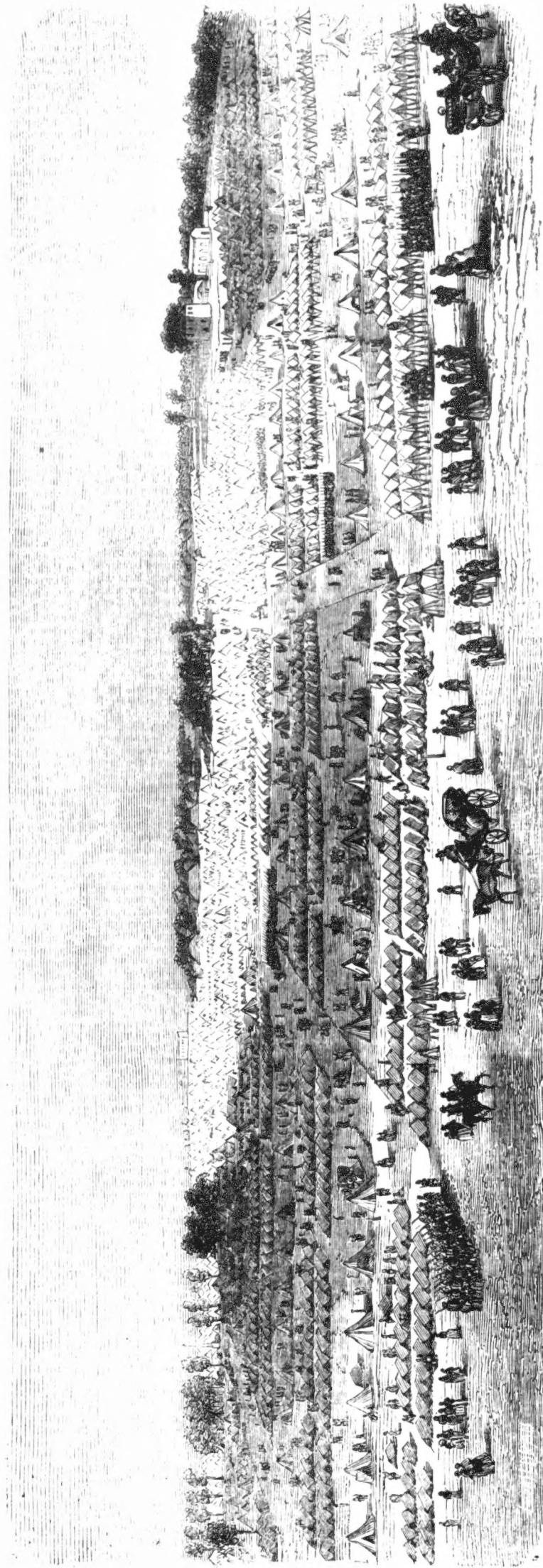
IRELAND.

MR. ABRAHAM COATES (land agent to Lord Clifden), whom the police warned the other day that his life was in danger from the Ribbon league, has left the county of Kilkenny, and gone to reside in the county of Waterford. Lord Clifden's property was situated in the former county. It will appear, therefore, as if Mr. Coates has been obliged to resign the agency attached to it.

A Tipperary paper mentions that Mr. James Shee, the county coroner, has received a misive from the Ribbon Society. A Sligo journal states that the war in the United States has partially turned the tide of emigration toward Canada. Many families in its locality have received letters from their friends in the States, warning them against taking passage for those disturbed regions which heretofore afforded an encouraging field for the industriously inclined emigrant. Hundreds are acting on this advice, and the consequence will be a large influx of emigrants to Quebec, Montreal, and Canada generally.

PARIS IMPROVEMENTS.

PARIS, the metropolis of France, is one of the largest and richest cities in the world. The present Emperor will render ever memorable his



LOUIS NAPOLEON'S VISIT TO THE CAMP AT CHALONS.

cannot certainly dignify with the name of hills certain little elevations scarcely perceptible. The principal one, called "The Hope," was chosen whereon to pitch the residence of the Emperor, from which is obtained an admirable view of the military establishment. There are no inconvenient plantations, only a little brushwood here and there, from which the gallant officers can drive the hares without much trouble to themselves. Indeed, these poor animals are so flurried by the continued movements that they have been killed even in the tents, precisely as was done under the fire of the Malakoff.

The two villages nearest to the camp are Mourmelon le Grand and Mourmelon le Petit. The former appears to be the most busy and commercial, it being full of barracks, shops, cabarets and drinking shops. At Mourmelon le Petit is the railroad which connects the Great Eastern line with the camp. An old Roman road, which formerly connected the legions of Rhêmes to Bar le Duc, crosses the camp on the west, and leads to the Imperial residence of the Emperor. This, as we have said, occupies the summit of a slight elevation. The space forms a square, and on that side facing the troops are five pavilions, built like the Swiss chalets. The one in the centre is occupied by his Majesty.

The following is the explanation of the new system:—When the firing takes place at a distance of 2,000 or 3,000 metres (1,000 metres is equal to about five-eighths of a mile) from the object to be struck, it requires a certain time to ascertain the accuracy of the aim. With the system at present under trial at the camp the indication of the accuracy of the aim is instantaneous, and if imperfect it may be instantly rectified. The Emperor arrived at the practice-ground at twelve o'clock, accompanied by Marshals Canrobert, and McMahon, Generals Leberuf, Curtois, &c. The experiments were entirely successful. On Sunday there was a solemn service, followed by a review of the whole of the troops, and on Monday the Emperor returned to St. Cloud.

CAPTURE OF A SUSPECTED MURDERER.

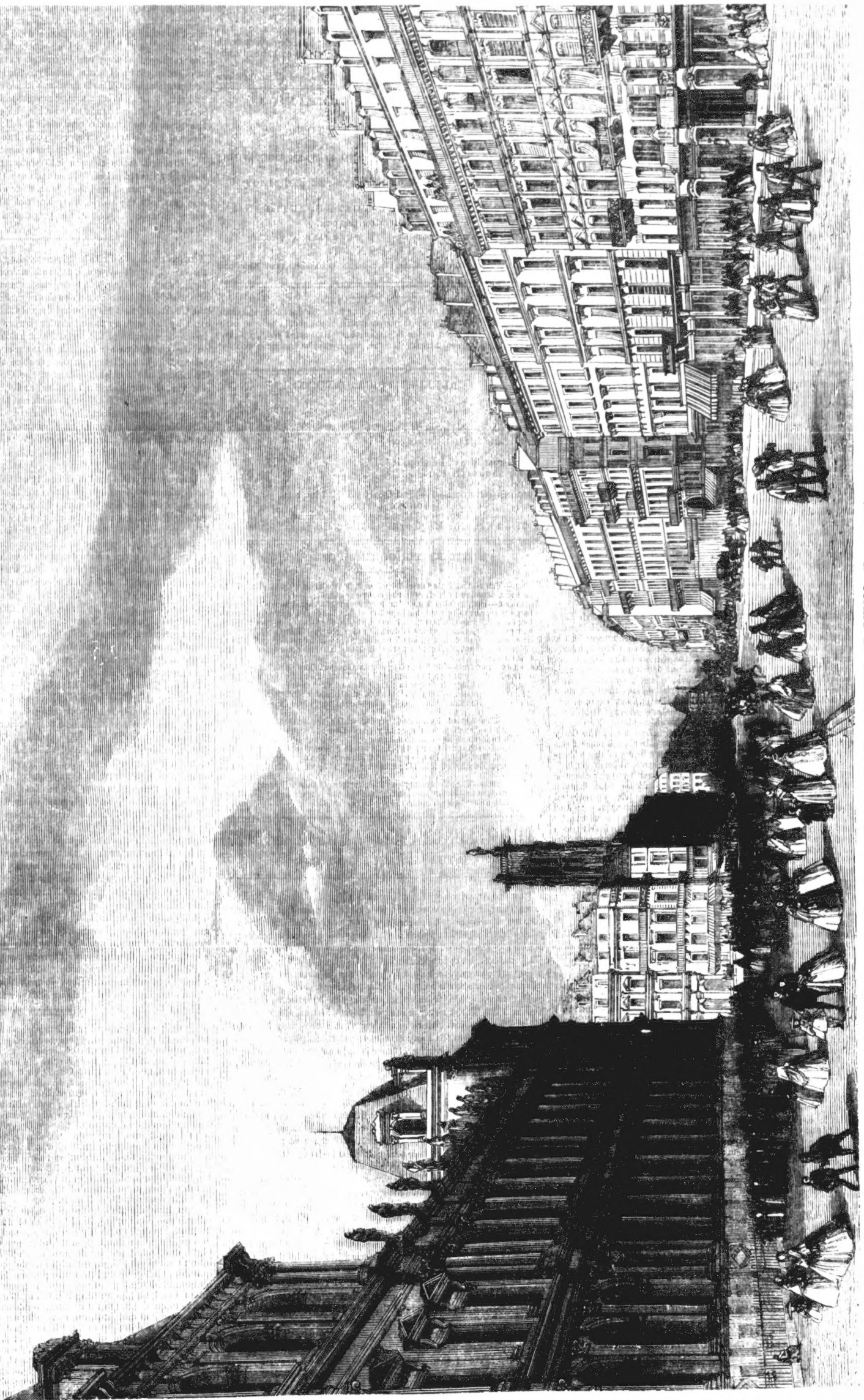
SOME excitement prevailed at Brentwood on Saturday morning by the intelligence that Robert Cooper, alias Barnham, who, as alleged, had murdered his wife in Twickenham-lane, by shooting her, on the evening of Thursday, the 7th inst., was in custody. Charles Brown, a City detective, said: "From information I received, I went, in company with another constable (Hawkes) and another person named Joseph Hanton

graph of a female, and asked him if that was Annie Barnham, and he said, "Yes." I then told him that I should apprehend him on the charge of murdering her on the 7th inst. at Isleworth. He made no answer. I found a shirt at his lodgings, also a pair of stockings, apparently having the marks of blood upon them. We then conveyed him to Bishopsgate-street police-station, and charged him. The inspector read over the charge to him, when he said, "I know Annie Barnham." He had no money. On bringing him to Brentford, he said, "I hope you do not think I intended to harm either of you, for, believe me, I did not. If you had not caught my hand I should have put an end to my existence. I prayed for three nights with the pistol in my hand, but when I attempted to shoot myself I saw something, and I said, 'No, no.' If you had been two or three hours later I should have been a dead man." He asked very earnestly to be allowed to see his child. The bench here intimated to the prisoner that he then had the opportunity of asking anything he felt inclined with reference to this case, as the court was about to remand him, but there was no necessity for his doing so. Had he anything to say why he should not be remanded? He said: "I have nothing to say, and no objection to being remanded." He was then removed from the dock.

name in France, if for no other reason, by the extraordinary improvements he has made in this magnificent city. During his reign some-where between nine and ten thousand houses have been cleared away to make way for wide and handsome streets, foremost amongst which is the Boulevard de Sebastopol, and the Rue de Rivoli, the longest street in Paris, the illustration of which at page 741 gives an excellent idea of the width and beauty of this splendid thoroughfare.

ESCAPE OF A TIGER.—A letter from Hamburgh states that as the vans of the menagerie of M. Renz were a few days ago on their way from that city to Harburg, a few leagues distant, one of the animals, a fine Royal tiger, suddenly broke out of its cage, and attacked one of the horses, and after knocking it down, and biting it in several places, ran off into some low brushwood near the road. The news of this event spread great alarm, and the road, which was usually much frequented, was soon abandoned. A number of peasants assembled, and armed with guns, scythes, and pitchforks, went, accompanied by some Hanoverian gendarmes, in search of the animal, and after a time, succeeded in killing it with a rifle. It was purchased only last year by its owner for 2,800 marks. (4212)





PARIS IMPROVEMENTS.—THE RUE DE RIVOLI. (See page 740.)



## The Court.

THE Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Princess Helena, Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold lately performed the sad ceremony of laying the first stone of a cairn to be erected on the summit of Craig Lawrigan to the memory of the Prince Consort.

THE *Dagbladet* of Copenhagen confirms the news of an approaching alliance between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian, heir presumptive to the Crown of Denmark. Prince Christian left Copenhagen some days since with the Princess, his wife, and two of his daughters. After visiting his elder brother at Louisenlund, in Schleswig, he intends to go to Ostend. It is generally supposed that his Royal Highness will afterwards proceed to Reinhardtbrunn, in Coburg-Gotha, where Queen Victoria is to remain some weeks. The Princess Alexandra was born on the 1st of December, 1844, and is consequently not quite eighteen years of age. She is tall and well-looking, and has received a most careful education in her own family, which is generally esteemed as a model of all domestic virtues.

A LETTER from Darmstadt, dated August 17, says:—"The Prince and Princess Louis have been to Giessen, to be present at the Mid-Rhine Musical Festival, but returned to Darmstadt to-day, and have since proceeded to the rural retreat at Bergstrasse. At Giessen, Prince Louis and Alexander, with their consorts, were present at the concert, and afterwards witnessed the procession of the societies taking part in the festival."

ON Monday morning the Queen will proceed to Woolwich, where she will embark for Germany. Her Majesty will remain in Germany for six weeks, and then return to Windsor for the winter season.

THE *Bourse Gazette* of Berlin says:—"The delivery of the Princess Royal took place with extraordinary rapidity."

A PETERSBURG letter, of August 17th says:—"His Royal Highness Prince Alfred has been going the round of the St. Petersburg sights, and intends to continue his Russian trip to Moscow. The Prince has also visited at the Palace, but no formal representation has taken place, as his incognito has been strictly preserved during his stay in the country."

A BERLIN letter has the following:—"Queen Victoria has hired the greater part of the Hotel de Maure, at Gotha, for four weeks from the 4th of September. It is intended for the residence of Earl Russell, who will accompany her Majesty and the Queen's suite."

The public, who never fail to take a loyal and affectionate interest in all that concerns the happiness of the Royal Family, and especially of the heir apparent, will be rejoiced to hear that the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess of Denmark will be celebrated early in the ensuing spring. General Knollys, who so long commanded the camp at Aldershot, has been appointed Controller of the Household of his Royal Highness, and Marlborough House is being prepared as quickly as possible for his reception.—*Times*.

### ARMY, NAVY, AND VOLUNTEERS.

INSPECTION OF THE LONDON IRISH.—The London Irish Rifle Volunteers, underwent their annual inspection by Colonel M-Murdo, the Inspector-General of Volunteers. The corps mustered in the quadrangle of Somerset House shortly before five o'clock, nearly 300 strong, under the command of Lieut-Colonel the Marquis of Donegal. The regiment, having been put through some preliminary movements, proceeded to Hyde Park, where they were drawn up in open column right in front. A series of manoeuvres were then gone through, at the close of which the gallant Colonel addressed the corps as follows:—"I am ashamed to say that I am astonished at the appearance you have made to-day. You know that when the volunteer force was first organised we of the army recommended drill, and I, as one of the number and one of the Queen's commissioners for reporting on the efficacy of the volunteers, recommended that each corps should have at least six battalion drills every season. Now I am informed by your colonel, Lord Donegal, that this is your very first battalion drill, and yet I find, to my delight, my shame, and my surprise, that you slipped into your places like eels and performed with the greatest ease and precision some of the most complicated manoeuvres that can be practised on a review day. You have shown that the intelligence which characterises all volunteer corps shines pre-eminently in your corps, and that intelligence has enabled you to accomplish thus early what in ordinary recruits takes many months and many battalion drills to master. Yet I must recommend to you constant attention to drill, and not only to drill, but to shooting, and I am glad to see many of you decorated for proficiency in that point. London Irish, receive my thanks for having thus practically corrected the opinion I had formed as to the indispensability of many battalion drills during each season."

THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."—Our contemporary, the *Hampshire Telegraph*, says, with reference to the Royal Sovereign cupola ship:—"We understand that the Lords of the Admiralty have at last virtually acknowledged their want of judgment in cutting down this ship to her orlop deck. By everybody, with the exception of their lordships, it was considered that the construction of the cupolas was inseparably connected with the construction of the ship itself, and that if there were any divided responsibility and two parts were built under separate supervision, the ship would inevitably be a failure. There seems to be no doubt of the fact, and an order has been issued to replace the timbers of the lower deck, and so to do that, in undoing which so much time and labour were spent. We understand that the work will be carried out under the personal superintendence of Captain Cowper Coles."

MURDER OF A POLICEMAN.—At the Liverpool assizes, Richard Burke and John Ward have been sentenced to death for the murder of a policeman at Ashton.

A LIMERICK paper states that there is an estate in an adjacent county the arrears on which amount to £30,000. An agent was lately appointed to collect them; but, having received no less than four threatening letters, he has resigned, though the appointment was worth £1,000 a year.

THE CHOLERA, as is known, has been raging for some time past at the Mauritius, where it has made numerous victims. Mme. Furet, a milliner and dressmaker in that colony, being eager to turn the calamity to account, inserted the following advertisement in the *Cerenee*, a journal of the island:—"Mme. Furet, Rue Desforges, has the honour of informing her numerous customers, that she has added to her millinery business shrouds for dead bodies, at moderate prices. To gain a little on each article in order to sell a large quantity is the device of Mme. Furet." The chances are that no one will wish her success in her new speciality.

DONNYBROOK FAIR.—Sunday was "Walking Sunday" on that remnant of fun and wickedness Donnybrook Fair. There is now a goodly crop of grass upon the old fair green, and where once stood shows, tents, and "merry-goes-round," nothing could be seen but a solitary goat grazing, and a number of hens and chickens picking most comely. Verily the spirit of The Brook hath departed, the light of other day hath been extinguished, and nothing remains of that resort of the riotous and dissipated, where your skull was once broken for love, and an Irishman appeared in all the glory of an elaborate neck-tie, a sprightly shillelagh, and a head somewhat the worse of liquor and blackthorns.—*Saunders' News*.

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### NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D. D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. L. B.	
		A. M.	P. M.
30 s		4 56	5 15
31 s	11th Sunday after Trinity	5 35	5 55
1 m	Partridge shooting begins	6 15	6 44
2 r		7 15	7 50
3 w	Great Fire of London, 1666	8 28	9 10
4 t	Sun rises 5h. 16m.	10 0	10 45
5 f		11 25	—

MOON'S CHANGES.—1—First Quarter 1<sup>h</sup> 18m. a.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning.

Evening.

31.—2 Kings, 5; Matthew 1. 31.—2 Kings, 9; Romans 1

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLEN.—You can affiliate the child when it is two or three years old, if the father maintained it before it was one year old.

ENGINEER.—Hutton was hung for forgery in 1829, and after that year forgery ceased to be punishable with death. Maynard, executed December 31, 1829, was the last forger hung in this country. We do not think any person was hung at the old Bailey along with Hutton.

PEDSTRIAN.—Hancock and Reed ran 130 yards at Loughborough, 300 at Bellevue, 130 at Bellevue, and 170 at Slough. Hancock won the first and two last.

AN ARMY SURGEON.—Lord Hardinge was General Commanding-in-Chief of the British Army on the 19th of June, 1855. Lord Raglan was Commander of the British forces in the Crimea on that day.

FREDERICK NEWARK.—John Hutchinson, the breeder and trainer of the celebrated Hambletonian, died at three-score and ten, in the November of 1806.

B. M. H.—The Act of Parliament under which the trial of Palmer was removed to London, was specially passed to meet the case, but will remain in force as a permissive Act.

H. DEAL.—One hundred and twelve vessels were wrecked during the month of May, 1856. In the month of January the number was 265; in February, 174; in March, 145; and in April, 157; making a total of 833 vessels.

A VOLUNTEER.—The Yeomanry and Volunteer forces in Great Britain were swelled to 379,943 men in December, 1803, in consequence of the preparations made by France to invade England.

## THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

WHEN the American war first began nothing irritated the Federals more than their being compared to Turks. An innocent historical allusion of our Foreign Secretary to the Greek insurrection to justify his recognition to the South as a belligerent Power stirred the bile of the proud Northerners almost to a declaration of war. They to be compared to Turks, indeed! Since that time a year has barely passed away, and already people are beginning to ask themselves whether such a comparison, supposing it ever to have been really made, would be more unjust to the Americans or to the Turks. The Turks never issued such an order as General Butler did at New Orleans. More sanguinary massacres may have been committed by them than any that have yet taken place in America, but the reports that every mail now brings us across the Atlantic, show how closely the belligerents are already treading on the heels of their Moslem exemplars, who were not restrained, as their imitators ought to be, by the reflection that their victims were men of the same blood and the same faith with themselves. From the beginning this conflict has been unnatural and monstrous; and it has now entered upon a downward course, where it is rapidly darkening down from military law to unbridled licence and spoil—from death in the field to butcheries in cold blood—from war to murder. In the guilt of these frenzied passions both parties share; but no impartial person can hesitate to avow that the crime of originating them began with the North. All great captains have recognised the invasion of an enemy's country as an act that required the greatest delicacy and management in their proceedings. When the Duke of Wellington entered France, his discipline, never very relaxed, was enforced with tenfold strictness; and though outnumbered in the field, he sent back his Spanish auxiliaries, because he could not restrain them from retaliating on the French peasantry the plunder and licence their countrymen had endured from the hands of the French soldiers. Even Napoleon, whose maxim was to make war support war, was so sensible of the importance of conciliating the people whose territory he conquered, that he used to say the moral force to the material forces in war as three to one. But those are axioms which the extemporised generals of the North never knew, or, if they heard of them, their application has been overborne by wild fury at the unexpected resistance they have encountered and their disastrous failures. The order of General Pope, authorising his soldiers to take from the peaceable citizens whatever they want

for their own subsistence, without check or control, surpasses everything that we have heard or read of in modern history, and transforms an army into a flight of locusts. His order that all the citizens living within the area his army occupies shall be called upon to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and if they refuse that they shall be driven southward beyond his lines, with the warning that they will be treated as traitors if they return, is another specimen of brutal ferocity. Slowly and with evident reluctance President Davis mentions those ominous words, reprisals and retaliation. With a most humane desire to limit those horrors within as narrow bounds as possible, he confines those orders to the present to those commissioned officers only who serve in General Pope's army. But everyone knows that it will not stop there. One act of this kind produces another, like ever-widening rings from a stone thrown into water, till the whole surface is moved by the agitation. When men see their property plundered, their homes burned, and they, with their wives and children, driven destitute into the world, they are not likely to be squeamish in their treatment of such of the perpetrators as may fall into their power.

THE spectacle of a British officer crawling upon all fours before the throne of a half-savage king, and making his obeisance in that form, is not cheering. It is depressing even, and something more, when we find that officer to be the representative of her Majesty at the Court, and that his personal degradation is accepted as a tribute paid by this country to an inferior power. The crawling attitude, in one acceptance of the term, is not unknown in diplomacy; but in the present case we speak in no metaphorical sense; and, to prevent mistakes, let us at once declare that we refer to Colonel Davidson, the British resident at the Court of the Nizam of Dekhan, Hyderabad, East Indies, and his conduct upon a recent occasion. The British Government, not long since, in pursuance of its new policy of making friends instead of enemies of the Princes of India, desired to confer honours among those who had deserved best of this country during the revolt. A new order was invented of no religion, in particular; and this is the most exalted order of the Star of India. This star was presented the other day to the Nizam after a great deal of difficulty on the part of his Royal Highness, who was pleased to entertain the idea that it was intended as a badge of servitude—a sort of licence given him to govern his country, which he would be required to show upon all occasions, like a cabman, upon pain of fine. It was upon this occasion that Colonel Davidson, upon whom the presentation devolved, disported himself in the extraordinary manner to which we have referred. The first intimation of the coming scandal was given at the residency, before setting out for the palace, where the colonel told the members of his suite that they would be required to remove their boots in "the presence." The suite, which numbered about forty, and included officers of high rank, colonels of regiments, heads of departments, &c., did not relish the idea, but the mandate led to no more serious consequences than laughter. At the palace, however, it was actually put in force, and the party went in their stockings to the throne-room. Here it was that the scene was most humiliating. "Colonel Davidson," we are told "takes off his boots, bends his shoulders, and when within a few paces of the Nizam goes down on all-fours and crawls up to his left side in the most cringing, abject manner conceivable, and there squats awaiting the Nizam's pleasure to speak." But this is not all. The manner in which the Nizam received the insignia of the most exalted order of the Star of India is described as almost insulting. His Highness, it is said, seized the jewel from the tray on which it was presented and "shoved it under his seat." Such an abject mode of paying respect may be customary at Hyderabad; but it is contrary to all rules elsewhere, and there is no earthly reason why any one place should be made an exception. With regard to the unbooting, it has long since been laid down as a rule, and accepted in our intercourse with all Eastern nations, that our custom of doffing the hat is a sufficient equivalent. Those who were present when her Majesty received the Burmese Ambassadors a few years ago, and saw them crawling up to the throne on all fours, knocking their foreheads at intervals upon the ground, know how difficult it was for even royalty itself to restrain its merriment. But infinitely more absurd must be the appearance of an elderly British officer making a similar obeisance, especially when we picture him without his boots. In our dealings with Eastern nations we can afford a reasonable amount of blundering, to be occasionally overbearing and unjust; but we cannot afford to make ourselves ridiculous, and this we are most certainly doing at Hyderabad.

ATTEMPT TO POISON SIXTY PERSONS.—An atrocious attempt to poison sixty persons has just been committed at Berlin. The marriage of two members of Jewish families of distinction had taken place, and the guests, to the number of sixty, had dined at an establishment called the Odeon, in the neighbourhood of Berlin. After dinner coffee was served; after partaking of which half of the company was seized with violent pains in the stomach, and the remainder with fits of vomiting and fainting. Medical assistance being obtained, every palliative was afforded to the sufferers. Attention was then directed to the coffee, and on its being examined a residue of small crystals was discovered, which proved to be morphine, a deadly poison. It was subsequently ascertained that the landlord, named Meeder, had some time previously abstracted a phial of that poison from the laboratory of a friend, a chemist in the neighbourhood. Meeder has been arrested, but no reasons are given for the perpetration of the crime. The lives of several of the sufferers are still in danger.

THE Prussian fleet is to be gradually raised to the following effective:—Four iron-plated frigates of 22 guns, and of from 400 to 1,000 horse power, six steam corvettes of 28 guns, and 400 horse power; six other steam corvettes of 17 guns, and 200 horse power; eight despatch boats of 2 guns and 16 horse power; four iron steam transports of 4 guns and 16 horse power; eight large screw gunboats of 3 guns and 24 horse power; 15 smaller gunboats of 2 guns and 20 horse power; one sailing vessel, for the cadets, of 28 guns; and 2 for the training school, of 16 guns.

ANOTHER CHINOLINE ACCIDENT.—About noon on Monday afternoon, a lady named Brandon was going across the Euston-road, for the purpose of entering an Exhibition omnibus, when at the moment she had reached the vehicle, a mail cart from the railway station, turning the corner of Seymour-street, passed so closely behind her that her dress was caught by the wheel, and she was dragged a considerable distance before she could be extricated. On receiving medical assistance it was ascertained that she had sustained a compound fracture of the leg and a dislocation of the wrist. She was conveyed to her home in Bedford-place, Russell-square.



## General News.

THE hour of closing the Exhibition building will, from the 1st of September next, be changed from seven to six o'clock. There is of course, no other motive for this alteration than that dictated by the almanack.

THE cause of M. Horace Vernet, the celebrated French painter's, illness is said to be the following:—Some years ago he fell from his horse and broke a rib, which was badly set, and a fresh fall which he had a few weeks ago broke the same rib, and brought on a painful and alarming tumour. Dr. Jobert de Lamballe was obliged to perform an operation, which appears to have succeeded, and has led to an improvement.

THE arrangements of the Gladstone banquet at Newcastle (we learn from the local *Chronicle*) proceeded satisfactorily. Some sixty gentlemen have agreed to act as stewards. Tickets for the dinner will be ready on September 16.

AN extra week has been added to the holidays at Winchester College in honour of the recent marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Alice. The day fixed for the return of the college boys is Saturday, September 6, and that for commoners Tuesday, September 9.

MR. A. J. BERRSFORD HOPE has consented to become a candidate for the borough of Stoke-upon-Trent. The hon. gentleman is well known as a Conservative. He formerly sat in the House of Commons as a member for the borough of Maidstone.

THE ex-King of Naples, Francis II., has published a protest against the recognition of Italy by Russia. The document, which bears the date of July 1, is addressed to the Chevalier Diregina, his Majesty's representative at St. Petersburg before the loss of Naples, and not yet formally recalled.

CATANÀ, at present in possession of Garibaldi, is situated on the eastern coast of Sicily, fifty-five miles from Messina. It has from 60,000 to 80,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most considerable maritime towns in the island.

A PARTY of school children lately left the Victoria Dock Pier for a day's pleasure at Erith. Several of the friends of the children accompanied them, and among others a man about forty-five years of age, a stranger in the place, who had been invited by his sister. It turned out, however, that his sister missed her passage in the steamer that was to convey the party across the river, and the man being unacquainted with any of the persons present, was not much observed, and has suddenly disappeared. He was last seen on the London road, two or three miles from Erith.

A KEEPER in the forest of Chantilly, in going his rounds a few days back, discovered a track leading into a thicket. Following the path to a little distance, he came upon a hut built of heather, in which were four half-savage children almost naked. They were unable to give the names of their parents, who were, they said, absent in search of wild fruit and forest animals for food. All the articles in the hut were two kettles, two bottles, three cups, and a looking-glass. On the return of the keeper some hours after with a gendarme, it was found that the whole of the occupants of the cabin had fled.

THE best living belonging to Worcester College—viz., High Ham, Somersetshire, value £583—has become vacant by the death of the Rev. James Bullock, M.A., who, whilst labouring under mental aberration, committed suicide by drowning in the canal, not far from his residence. Previous to being appointed to the rectory, the rev. gentleman had been fellow and bursar of Worcester College for many years, and was highly esteemed.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN is represented, by a Washington correspondent, to be very much pleased with the issue of the recent battle at Cedar Mountains. In a conversation on the evening of the 12th inst., he expressed confidence in the future actions of General Pope, and, in paying a tribute to General Banks, said: "I regard General Banks as one of the best men in the army. He makes me no trouble; but, with a large force, he always knows his duty, and does it."

MR. DISRAELI M.P., has accepted an invitation to be present at the annual show and dinner of the North West Bucks Agricultural Association, which are to be held at Buckingham, on Wednesday, the 17th of September.

ON Sunday last the ruins of Blakeridge Mills, Batley, were visited by not less than 30,000 persons; and on the evening of the same day, when the remains of Kemp (the man who was burned in the mill) were interred in the parish churchyard, at least one-third of that number assembled to watch the mournful proceedings. On Monday an inquest was held, and a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

THE Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire (Lord Llanover), allows no intoxicating beverages in his harvest gathering. This is the second year in which his lordship's corn has been cut, harvested, and carried, on the teetotal principle.

IN France states that arrangements are making by the French Government for the despatch of reinforcements to Rome, should circumstances require it.

THE royal family of Prussia are preparing to receive Prince Alfred, who is expected to visit the King at Babelsberg.

THE infant daughter of the Crown Princess of Prussia is to be baptised in presence of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales standing godfather.

IT is stated that the vacant primacy of Ireland has been filled up by the appointment of the Right Rev. M. G. Beresford, Lord Bishop of Kilmore, to the archiepiscopal see. It is added that the bishopric of Kilmore has been conferred on the Very Rev. H. Verschoyle, Dean of Ferris.

AT the Salford Police-court, on Monday, Harriet Murray, an Irishwoman, was brought before Mr. Trafford, charged with obtaining 1s. 6d. from a young woman, named Elizabeth Ann White. On the previous Saturday the prisoner went to where the girl lives, and asked her if she should tell her fortune. The girl consented, and the prisoner, before proceeding, said she wanted 1s. 6d. After obtaining it, she told the girl she would be married to a fair young man; but, before going on with her predictions, the prisoner wanted a stuff or silk dress to be given her. The girl refused, and gave the prisoner into custody. Mr. Trafford asked the prisoner if she could tell her own fortune, and as she replied in the negative, he said he would tell it to her by ordering her to gaol.

A SARCASTIC compliment has recently been paid to a police officer. A pair of spectacles have been presented to Mr. Foley, the superintendent of the Wiltshire police, who had charge of the Road murder case.

"THE largest city in the world," says a Spanish journal, "is not London, but Jeddo, the capital of Japan, which consists of 1,500,000 houses, inhabited by 5,000,000 souls. Several streets are twenty-two miles long. The trade is immense, the coasts being literally covered with trading vessels."

AN old farmer, living near Norwalk, Connecticut, who will not trust the banks or read the newspapers, a few days ago took up a mortgage of 2,000 dollars, and paid the entire amount in gold, which, he said, he had been laying up from time to time. On the day of the transaction the precious metal was quoted at 22 per cent. premium, so that he lost 110 dollars by the operation. The gentleman to whom he tendered the specie made no very serious objections to receiving it, although he could hardly conceal his surprise. Moral—for residents in the rural districts—take the papers. —*American Paper.*

## EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL FOR POISONING IN FRANCE.

DUMOLLARD had hardly paid the penalties of his numerous murders in the department of the Rhone, than Madame Marie Claire Favre and her husband were arrested on the charge of having committed in the same district a series of crimes which ended in the poisoning of an unhappy old miser whom they had frightened and worse than cajoled into leaving the former, to the prejudice of his near relatives £41,000 and considerable freehold property in the city of Lyons. All the interest is felt in this trial which can be excited by the great stakes of each of the parties concerned that are depending on its result. On one side, life and an immense fortune, that has in all probability been acquired by means which would put the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, Madame Lafarge, Palmer, or even Mrs. Manning to the blush, and on the other, the recovery by persons whose existence has hitherto been passed in indigence, of the wealth which Madame Favre managed to wheedle out of Crepin, whose habits and morals were, at the age of ninety, as unclean as his avarice was unbounded. In addition to these circumstances, the first counsel at the Paris bar have been retained by the contending parties. The relations of Crepin are represented by MM. Berryer and Geuton; the accused by Jules Favre, MM. Peyronne and Humbolt; and the Crown by the Procureur-General and his deputy, M. de Lagrevol. There is that interest in the female prisoner who planned and chiefly executed the filthy drama, ending in the death of a despicable old man, which is aroused by an elegant style of dress, graceful figure, graceful gestures, a graceful mode of expressing herself, although a woman of low life, regular features and a *fin* rather than sly expression pervading a face remarkable for the purity of its oval and the clearness of its complexion. By all accounts this woman might pass for the original Nelly O'Brien's portrait, were her cheeks a little paler. But they are round and ruddy as though she had never passed a night in prison, and present a striking contrast to the shrivelled ones of her husband, who was by profession a beadle in a Roman Catholic Church, and nearly three times her age, he being in his seventy-sixth year, and she in her twenty-fifth. She was married when seventeen years old, and ever since showed herself to be a Messalina in low life, with, however, a far greater talent for intrigue than the dissolute wife of Claudius ever possessed. Shortly after her marriage Crepin came to live in the house in which she lodged, and from the moment that she found out he was the possessor of a considerable fortune, she systematically set to work with the full privacy and consent of Favre, as well as of her uncle, sister, and brother-in-law, to cut his relations, and become his testamentary heir. The first step towards attaining the desired end was made by pandering to the worst passions of the miser, and in such a shameless and public way, that for the sake of the children living in the house, the other tenants were obliged to call on the police to make either Crepin or Madame Favre seek another domicile. The former did so. He was no sooner installed in his new lodgings than the brother-in-law of the Favres, acting on the directions of Marie Claire, hired two young men to waylay him on the stairs, and then came to his rescue. He was subsequently persuaded that his nephews, knowing that he had made no will, had sought to kill him, and that his life was in danger so long as he would continue to live by himself. It was accordingly arranged that he should reside with the Favres, and while lodging with them he bequeathed all his property to the woman who is now accused of poisoning him by means of a decoction of poppies, which each day for several months she administered in large quantities till Crepin had arrived at the last state of idiocy and physical debility. All her relatives above named were not only privy to these atrocities, but active accomplices, as they afterwards confessed. They also recommended the woman Favre, when she grew impatient at the querulous suspicions of the old man and his numerous ailing, to catch him by administering a strong purgative made of herbs which cow-doctors have recourse to when they must either kill or cure demented cattle. Fever, vomiting, intense thirst, and violent delirium followed, which continued till death took place. The neighbours suspecting from the tone adopted by Favre and his wife during Crepin's illness that some murderous as well as foul work had been going on, denounced them; and the fact of Madame Favre succeeding to her lodger's fortune confirmed their suspicions. But the subordinate agents of the police were bribed by that woman, so that they led astray those who were not, and the inquiry set on foot by the authorities fell completely to the ground. However, with security came internal strife. Crepin's testamentary heiress left her husband to live with a young lover, and refused to allow him or her other accomplices the sums of money she had promised them. In addition to the anger produced by disappointed cupidity they began to be troubled by qualms of conscience, so that a desire for revenge and absolution impelled them all to confess the matter to a certain friar and demand his advice. The man of religion no sooner heard their confession than he determined to make something out of it. He at once proceeded to the murderers, told her what he had been told, pointed out the danger in which she stood of being denounced, and his capacity for serving her, and managed to make himself, or some religious establishment in Lyons, several thousand francs wealthier by his visit. Brother Philibert, in consideration of all this money, went to the relatives to propose a compromise or to offer them in case they should refuse a smaller one, the sum of 100,000f. (£4,000) in a house in Lyons, which was to be secured to them by a deed. He then let another clergyman into the secret, who did not approve of Brother Philibert being mixed up in such a discreditable piece of business. But the latter silenced the objections of the former by representing that he was at the same time doing a service to the Church by making money out of the murderers, as well as collecting evidence which one day would serve to partially reinstate Crepin's relatives. But that was more difficult than he imagined, as Madame Favre did not like to commit herself before witnesses, or by signing papers that could criminate her. However, she was no match in cunning for Brother Philibert, who managed all the parties concerned in the murder so skillfully that they not only endowed educational establishments to a large extent, but are now before the Assize Court of the Rhone.

MR. PEABODY is literally persecuted with beggars. His noble deed of charity to the poor of London has sent a thrill through the ranks of the unfortunate, and the whole army of needy, dissolute, improvident, and rapacious people—deserving and undeserving alike—through among the man, and deafen him with their clamour for gifts. His privacy is invaded, his business interrupted, his peace disturbed, his very means of enjoying life and doing good made, in some measure, a discomfort to him; he is the well-fed and well-disposed house-dog, who fell into the company of a pack of hungry wolves, and the howling of the pack warns him that he is to be torn to pieces. The only means of replying to applicants for charitable assistance is by a printed circular, in which Mr. Peabody says:—"The immense number of letters daily arriving at his address renders it difficult for him to read them even partially; and a written reply to each would take up the time of a dozen persons. To those who ask pecuniary relief, Mr. Peabody will say that if his means would allow him to assist all in adversity, nothing would give him more pleasure; but as they are not, applicants must derive the will for the deed. To give one-tenth that ask would deprive Mr. Peabody of the means of support in one month." We venture to say that this is the most curious of all the curiosities of benevolence, and we do earnestly hope there will be no occasion to inscribe on Mr. Peabody's tomb the short epitaph, "Worried to death."

## HUMAN SACRIFICES AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

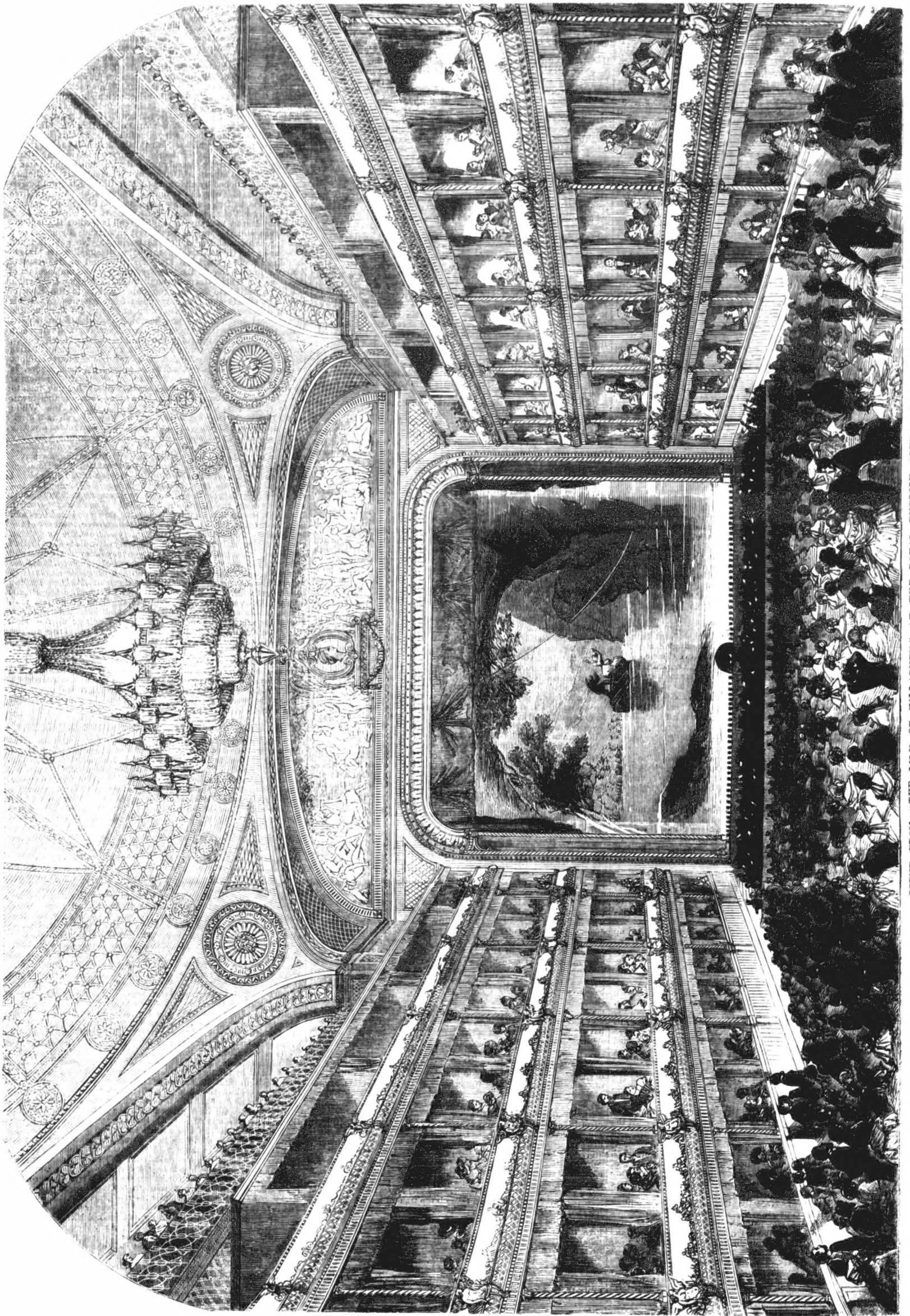
The following account is extracted from the private letter of a gentleman residing on the West Coast of Africa:—

"The King of Dahomey is named Baddahung. He is not the ruffian described in the English papers. Personally, he is well looking, and, indeed, few black men are better looking. He is perfectly black. Human sacrifices are regarded by the Africans as they were regarded by the Jews—as a part of their religion. They are not committed out of sheer wickedness, but in obedience to a paramount sense of religious duty, just as we bow the head at the utterance of the name of the Saviour. The persons who are selected to die, die cheerfully. The selection is an honour. Dahomey is not under the British flag. It is an independent State, and Baddahung is an independent sovereign. If he has one feeling more intense than another it is hatred of the English. He hates us because we interfere with the revenue of his kingdom. He lives at Abomey, which is his capital. It lies 130 miles to the rear of our new colony of Lagos. Lagos stands on an island. Abomey is not a strong place, but a wall surrounds it, and it stands on flat land. An attack on Abomey would be foolhardy. Dahomey was never mentioned by civilized people until the King got possession of Whydah. Whydah is on the seaboard, and not far from Lagos. It is, in fact, on the Slave Coast. The Slave Coast extends from the river Volta to the river Lagos. It includes a territory blessed by Nature in many ways. The soil is fertile; the men are a fine race, and the water communication extends by means of a vast lagoon from end to end of the territory. No gold is found there, as on the Gold Coast, but the palm-oil supplies the place of the 'dumb god.' Cowries, a kind of shell found on the coast of Zanzibar, are the coin of the country, and the common medium of exchange. The chief towns of the Slave Coast are Lagos, Whydah, Badagoy, and Porto Novo. Whydah, belongs to the King of Dahomey, and is about seventy miles from Abomey. It is his principal seaport. Take it from him and he would be reduced to the original insignificance and harmlessness of his forefathers. Whydah is very prettily situated. It has an excellent market, where beef, pork, mutton, fish of various kinds, pigeons, fowls, ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowls, fruits, vegetables, and European and native manufactured goods may be had. The town is regularly laid out in streets. It stands back about three miles from the seashore. It is three miles long and one mile broad. The population is dense; for on one occasion it sent a contingent of 10,000 fighting men to the King of Dahomey. There is a Governor of the town. He is called the 'Avogah,' or 'The Father of the White Man'; that is the meaning of the word. The Avogah is a black man—a chief of the King, in fact. The Avogah also acts as a judge. There are two great stores, or warehouses, or shops, or, as they are called here, factories, in Whydah; the one is a French factory, and the other is a factory which belongs to the famous slave-dealer, Domingo Martinez. Domingo is a Brazilian. This Domingo Martinez carries on the slave trade. He is a friend and chief of Baddahung. If the Avogah should come across Domingo in the streets of Whydah, he is obliged to prostrate himself in the dust and dirt before the illustrious Brazilian. When I say 'prostrate himself,' I mean that he must literally go down on both knees and clap the palm of the right hand several times over the back of the left hand, in true African supplicatory style. Now, the Avogah is a greater subject at Whydah than the Viceroy of India is at Calcutta; and when I thus put my illustration, you may fancy what power and influence Domingo must have in the realms of Dahomey. Not three months ago this same Martinez shipped a cargo of slaves from Whydah whose gross value was set down at £180,000 sterling. The vessel which bore this splendid cargo safely off to the Brazils was a steamer, and she ran away from the land at no less than sixteen knots an hour. I know some good folks here who saw the shipment; they counted 1,600 poor devils go up the side. They were chained together in gangs by means of iron collars, and they were chattering, and singing, and laughing as they mounted out of the canoes up to the deck of the steamer. It is understood on the coast that Domingo is regarded by Baddahung as the heir to the throne of Dahomey. As you walk along the street of Whydah you will often come across the ruins of a house. The town is dotted with these wretched tokens of past comfort and prosperity. These ruins were once the mansions of people who have given offence to the King.

## EXECUTION OF THE WARWICKSHIRE MURDERER.

THE condemned criminal George Gardner, a ploughman, on Monday suffered the last penalty of the law at Warwick. The execution took place at ten o'clock, before the county gaol, and was performed by Smith, of Dudley. The murder was a most unprovoked and cold-blooded one, by which Sarah Kirby, his fellow-servant, was shot dead while she was standing at her washing-tub, on the 23rd of April last. Both she and the man Gardner were employed at a roadside farm, on the confines of the county, and she was a very good-looking, well-conducted, pious girl. He was a very great blackguard and a sot. Soon after he went to the farm where the murder took place she complained to Miss Edge, the housekeeper, that he annoyed her very much by his attentions and his attempts to kiss her. Mr. Edge, her master, hearing of this, called them both into the parlour, and told him he must not repeat his conduct to her, whereupon Gardner said, "Well, if I can't have her, no one else shall." No further complaints were made after this, though there is reason to believe he continued his suit. He amused himself by looking at her as she undressed at night through a chink in the wall which separated their bedrooms. The only complaint he had against her was that she would not draw him the proper quantity of beer; but the truth was that he wanted more than his fair share. On the morning of the murder he was at work in the plough-field, his master being absent at a cattle fair, and he made remarks to the other labourers which showed him to be contemplating some act of violence, saying he wished he had "some one" before him—he would kill them, and so on; but he appears to have left his work and returned to the house without causing any suspicion to arise in their minds that he was about to commit the crime of murder. Having reached the house, he asked this poor girl to fetch him his master's double-barrelled gun for shooting rooks. He had been in the habit of using it for this purpose before, and no surprise was felt by the girl or by Miss Edge, the housekeeper, who saw her hand the loaded gun to him, Miss Edge remarking, "Mind, it is loaded, George." He said, "Yes, ma'am, I know it is," and tried it by taking off the cap and letting the hammer down. Finding it all right, he followed Kirby to the washhouse, and shot her in the back of the neck. He afterwards threatened Miss Edge, and there is no doubt that if she had not concealed herself he would have shot her. He then escaped with the gun, and was taken by the police on his way to Oxford. Some delay took place in the execution; and from the bad adjustment of the rope or some other cause, the criminal died very hard, struggling much, until at last he hung motionless in the air. The crowd contained a large proportion of women, but was orderly in the extreme, and began to disperse as soon as the drop fell. Gardner died penitent, confessing his crime. The following confession was made by Gardner before his execution:—"I did not want to pay my addresses to Sarah Kirby, but she would never draw me the proper quantity of beer, and that vexed me. I did not know the master was away on the 23rd of April, and the witness who said I asked him where he was will have to suffer for his perjury. I tried my luck in the field by throwing up the 'spud' of the plough, which came down with this point in the earth. If it had fallen flat I should not have killed her, but as it came down point foremost I left the field with the determination to do it. I should have killed Miss Edge if I had got near enough to her, and it's a good job no one stopped me before I sold the gun."





SCENE FROM "THE LILY OF KILLARNEY" AT THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA. (See page 746.)



# PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

We have given our readers a very excellent portrait of the Princess Frederick William of Prussia, with her baby, born on the 14th inst., at Potsdam. This is the third child of the Princess Frederick William.

Potsdam is the birthplace of Prince Frederick William of Prussia, it is situated on the right bank of the Havel, which here expands into a lake, with finely-wooded, picturesque, sloping banks. It has nearly 50,000 inhabitants, including a large garrison. It owes its splendour to Frederick the Great, and may be called a town of palaces—not only from the four royal residences in and about it, but because even the private houses are copied from celebrated edifices, each of which may comprise within it the dwellings of many families. The dullness of the streets, indeed, often contrast strangely with the splendour of their architecture. Beneath is a view of their residence in Berlin.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MEMORIAL.

The following is the text of a letter from the Prince of Wales to Lord Derby:—

"Pirk Hall, Scotland, Aug. 11.  
"My dear Lord Derby,—I have been much pleased by the perusal of the report of your committee, and by your recommendation that the national monument to my beloved father shall be placed in Hyde-park, and so designed and situated as to connect itself with whatever may hereafter be done in further development of the objects for which he suggested the purchase of the Kensington Estate. It would be a great satisfaction to me to be able to assist in any way towards the success of plans devised by him, and calculated, in his belief, to effect much public good. If I cannot bring to the work his great knowledge and excellent judgment, I can at least bring good-will and earnestness to the cause. I am most anxious to give proof of this feeling, and, concurring in the hope that you express that sufficient funds may be provided for its completion, I shall be glad, when the proper time comes, to contribute £2,000 towards the central hall, the erection of which you suggest as the commencement of buildings which we may hope to see, at no distant period, filling the space between the Horticultural Gardens and the road, and dedicated to those educational purposes in which he took so deep an interest.—I remain, my dear Lord Derby, yours very sincerely,  
"ALBERT EDWARD."

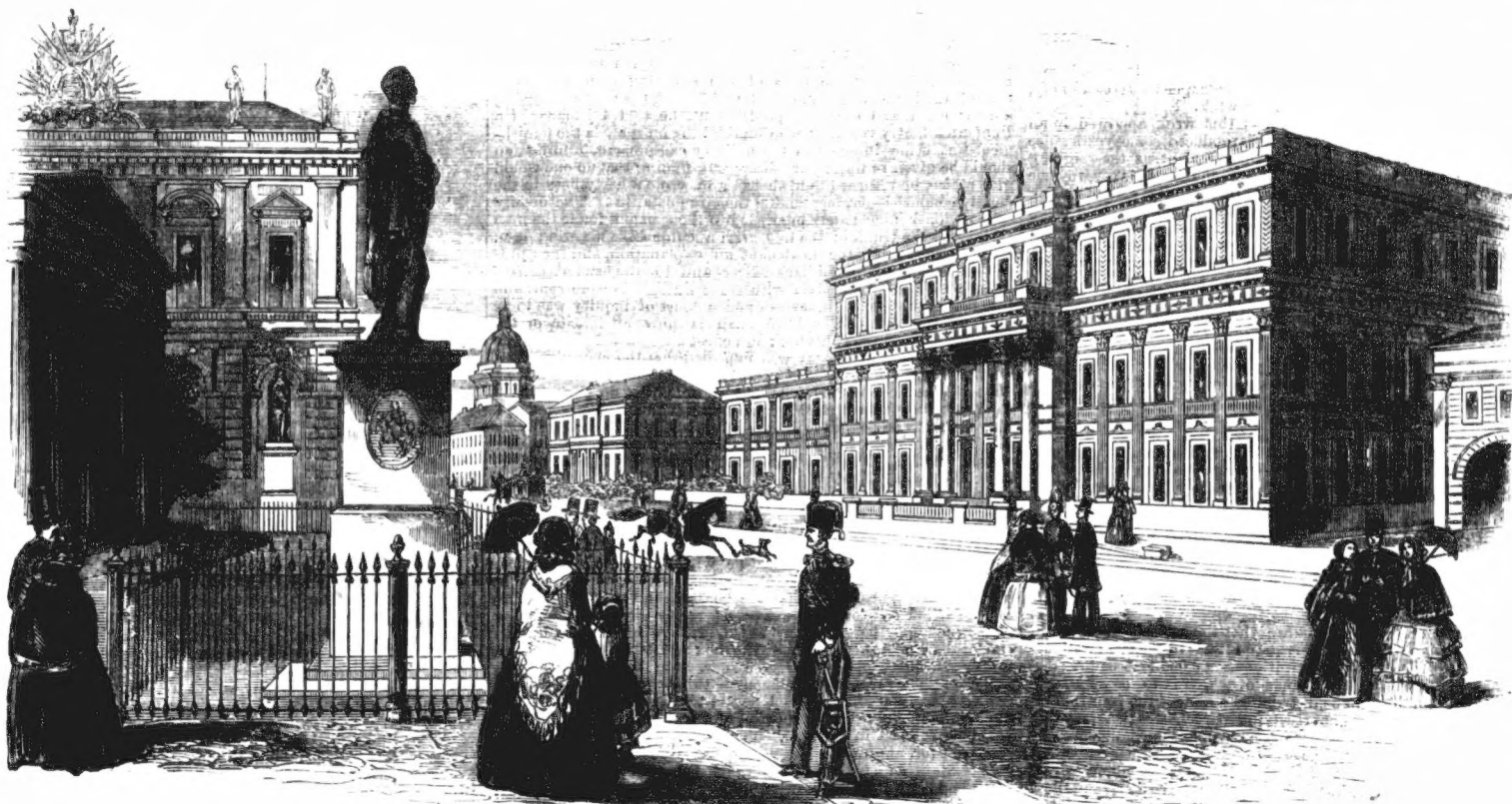


THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AND THE INFANT PRINCE.

## THE BITE OF A RATTLE SNAKE.

MR. GEORGE W. KENDALL writes the following, from Texas, to a newspaper in New Orleans:—"Before I forget I must tell you that the medicine chest has just arrived, and the very moment I opened it I found a pressing use for one of the articles it contained. I was counting over the flasks, when one of my men came running in, and exclaimed that he had just been bitten by a rattlesnake. He held his left wrist, while two streams of blood flowed from one of his fingers, where the fangs of the serpent had pierced him. As the man had no tobacco, I told him to fill his mouth with salt, and with all his might suck the wound. I then held a cloth steeped in hartshorn on the wound, to counteract the working of the poison. I then put thirty drops of hartshorn into a glassful of whisky, and poured the whole contents down his throat. Five minutes afterwards I repeated the dose, and again in another five minutes. I had now administered a whole quart (?) of whisky, with ninety drops of hartshorn, and held it sufficient. The man was an Irishman, an old soldier, and took the thing very coolly. It was a great satisfaction to him when he heard that another man had killed the serpent. For three-quarters of an hour he sat quiet, and spoke about the bite with cold-blooded indifference, while I continued to renew the application of hartshorn to the wound in the finger. He said it was too bad that he should die of the bite of a poisonous snake, while I was astonished he could remain unaffected after such a dose of whisky. After about an hour he began to laugh, then to whistle, then to sing, and finally attempted to dance. It was now all right. I knew that the whisky had gained the upper hand of the poison, and for the first time intoxicated him. Five minutes after he was as drunk as Bacchus, beat on the ground with his feet, slept for half a day, and in the morning was well and at his work."

A FRENCH JACK SHEPPARD.—A successful attempt at escape was made last week from the prison at Toulon. A man, named Dubois, alias Delage, who had been lately sent back from Cayenne, was confined in the prison while waiting until his future place of confinement should be decided on. On the night in question he managed to pass through the roof of the prison, and got safe off. He was, however, again arrested two days after.



THE RESIDENCE IN BERLIN OF THE PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.



## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Our illustration (in page 744) represents the interior of Covent Garden Theatre, whilst the "sensation scene" in Handel's popular opera of "The Lily of Killarney" is being played. In that charming composition, Miss Pyne as Edg; Mr. Harrison, as Miles; and Mr. Santley, as Danny Mann; are seen and heard to the utmost advantage. The English Opera Company now playing at Covent Garden, under the management of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, inaugurated its season most auspiciously on Monday last. The theatre is one of the most spacious and handsome in the world. It is built upon the site of the old theatre, which was burnt down on the occasion of a masquerade ball given under the temporary management of Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North. Mr. Barry is the architect, who devised the existing superb structure. The stage is of grand proportions, not less than 90 ft. square, and it is 50 ft. high at the opening of the proscenium. The old stage was but 80 ft. by 56 ft., and the height at the proscenium but 42 ft. The opening at the proscenium is from 8 to 12 ft. wider than any other theatre in London, and even wider than that of the celebrated La Scala at Milan, which is still the largest theatre in the world. There are 36 private boxes in the pit, and the same number upon the upper tier. The grand tier consists of 31 boxes exclusive of those reserved for the Queen. The royal box is upon the right side of the house, being the opposite side to that usually occupied by royal persons. The gallery is very spacious, and affords seats for 756 persons. Of these 356 are in the lower gallery, or amphitheatre stalls, and 380 in the upper part, or "gallery proper." On the same level as the gallery, at the sides of the house there are sixteen boxes. The floor of the amphitheatre is about 23 ft. below the crown of one of the four arches which support the domical ceiling, and the crown of the ceiling at the circular ventilator rises 8 ft. above the tops of the arches supporting it. The accommodation provided is 108 boxes, say four persons to each, 432; 16 boxes in gallery tier, 64; amphitheatre stalls, 316; gallery, 380; pit stalls, 316; pit, 120; total, 1,698. Covent Garden Theatre is at least 10 ft. wider, we believe, than any other house. The principal approach to the boxes is under a covered way to the entrance hall, 60 ft. by 25 ft., which is beautifully paved with Maw's encaustic tiles in geometric patterns in colours. This hall communicates with the grand staircase, which is of noble proportions, its easy steps being 11 ft. 6 in. in width, and one of its landings 21 ft. 6 in. in length by 11 ft. 7 in. broad, the upper one being 24 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft. 3 in. Ascending the staircase the visitor comes to what is called the "crush-room," a large apartment, which is on a level with the grand tier of the boxes. This spacious room is 80 ft. long by nearly 30 ft. wide, and 30 ft. in height. The grand chandelier in this room was manufactured by Messrs. Osler, of Oxford-street. On the left of the entrance are the box office and grand staircase, with the entrance to the pit corridor. On the right side are the Queen's private entrance and staircase, the amphitheatre entrance, and also that for the Duke of Bedford together with dressing-rooms and all others requisite conveniences. The means of entrance and exit for the public are ample and roomy, there being no fewer than fourteen staircases within the structure, all constructed of stone; the principal ones are so arranged that there are no well-holes and no winding-steps, both of which have been such frequent causes of accident. The centre chandelier for lighting the house is one of extreme magnificence. It was constructed by Messrs. Defries, of Houndsditch. As already stated, the Queen's box is approached from Hart-street. The staircase leading from the entrance to the private room of her Majesty is of stone, covered with elegant carpet. The balustrades are of light and pleasing design, and are decorated in white and gold. The hand-rail is covered with crimson velvet; the lobby is covered with marble-paper. The Queen's room is a perfect little gem of bouclier decoration. It is divided into panels, formed of thin gold moulding; the ceiling is covered with light trellis work of gold, similar in its style to the decorations of the ceiling of the theatre. In the centre of the ceiling there is a pierce of gold flower from which is suspended an elegant wax-light chandelier, which was supplied by Messrs. Defries. Mr. Gye is the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, which, during the fashionable season is devoted to the representation of Italian opera, whilst in the autumn and winter, the Pyne and Harrison English opera company occupy the house.

**HAYMARKET.**—Lord Dundreary continues to sneeze at this house to the amusement of large and delighted audiences.

**LYCEUM.**—"The Peep o' Day" continues its unprecedented career of success here.

**PRINCESS.**—The revival of "Henry the Eighth" appears likely to render no change in the programme necessary. It has been preceded this week by "The Renclozons."

**STRAND.**—Mr. Byron's admirable burlesque of "The Colleen Bawn," supported by Messrs. Rogers and Clarke, Mesdames Wilton and F. Josephs, nightly fills this popular place of amusement to overflowing.

**OLYMPIC.**—"The Dowager," "To Oblige Benson," and "Boots at the Swan," with the talented manager as Jacob Everig, have drawn crowded houses during the week.

**ADELPHI.**—Miss Aronson Jones has this week appeared in an adaptation of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," produced some years since at the Olympic under Mr. Farren's management, as the reigning favourite. As the character of the heroine is the very reverse of "Medea," it affords the public an opportunity of witnessing Miss Jones in a new dramatic phase in which she was most decidedly successful. Mrs. Billington performed the actress's relentless rival with extreme force, and on more than one occasion fairly divided the interest with Miss Jones. Mr. Toole, as Michonnet, the old prompter, exhibited the same genuine pathos that he evinced in the character of Caleb Plummer. There was a grotesque sadness in his unavailing regrets over his luckless passion, and a genuine grief at the fate of Adrienne exceedingly touching and artistic; the entire assumption, indeed, calling for more than ordinary commendation. Mr. Billington was manly and feeling as Maurice; and Mr. David Fisher rendered the insidious Abbe Chouzeuil with the legitimate polish and effrontery. The drama was exceedingly well placed upon the stage, and at its conclusion the principal performers were called before the curtain.

**BRITANNIA.**—The version of "George Barrington," adapted for the stage from the celebrated tale now appearing in *Reynolds's Miscellany*, continues to draw crowded and applauding audiences here.

**M. ROBIN,** the French Wizard, is delighting the residents in London at the present time, with his marvellous performances at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Among other things calculated to excite admiration at this entertainment, is M. Rulmorkoff's Monster Induction Coil.

We have much pleasure in stating that the relict of the late Mr. R. R. Adams has bequeathed sums amounting to £8,900 to different benevolent and religious institutions. £3,000 is to be invested in the names of trustees, the income of which is to be applied for the purchase of clothing to be distributed amongst the poor inhabitants of Devonport who are not receiving parochial relief. Among the institutions to which Mrs. Adams has left bequests are the Church Missionary Society, £200; London Missionary Society, £200; British and Foreign Bible Society, £200; Religious Tract Society, £200; Turkish Aid Missions, £200; Irish Evangelical Society, £200; Irish Church Missions, £200; Church Pastoral Aid Society, £200; Propagation of Religion in Foreign Parts, £200; Marsden's Cancer Hospital, London, £100; &c. — *Plymouth Journal*.

## Sporting.

## RACING FIXTURES

SEPTEMBER.			
Devon and Exeter	2	Kings Lynn	10
Derby	2	Totnes & Bridge-	
Wilmslow	2	town	10
Western Meeting	4	Leicester	11
Plymouth	4	Doncaster	16
Oxford	4	Brecon	17
Chewell	8	Wordsley	22
Warwick	9	Belford	23
OCTOBER.			
Chesterfield	1	Royal Caledonian	
Edinburgh & L C	1	Hunt & Kelso	7
Felton	6	Newmarket S O	13
Bedford	7		
NOVEMBER.			
Worcester	4	Liverpool	12
Lincoln Autumn	7	Shrewsbury	18
Hereford	10		
		Leamington and	
		Warwickshire	
		Hunt	25

**BETTING FOR THE RACKS AT TATTERSALL'S.**  
**ST. LEDGER.**—7 to 2 agst Marquis; 5 to 1 agst Buckstone; 10 to 1 agst Carisbrook; 11 to 1 agst Caractacus; 12 to 1 agst Exchequer; 20 to 1 agst Johnny Armstrong; 20 to 1 agst Hurricane; 25 to 1 agst Bonny Breastknot; 1,000 to 10 agst Bertha.  
**CESAREWITCH.**—1,000 to 30 agst Rather High colt; 1,000 to 30 agst Dulcibella.  
**DERRY.**—11 to 1 agst Lord Clifden; 25 to 1 agst Trojanus; 33 to 1 agst Early Purl; 33 to 1 agst Nosopdar.

## YACHTING.

## ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB OCEAN MATCH FROM RYDE TO PLYMOUTH.

An ocean match from Ryde to Plymouth for the vessels belonging to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, came off on Thursday, August 11th. This match owed its origin to Sir Gilbert East, Bart., the most sporting yachtsman in the 80s in the year of 1862. The following vessels showed their fighting flags sharp at 10.15:

Yacht.	Rig.	Tons.	Owner.
1. Galatea	..... schooner	123	T. Broadwood
2. Ella	..... schooner	105	Sir G. East, Bart.
3. Gleam	..... schooner	.....	J. Richardson
4. Marina	..... cutter	62	J. C. Morice
5. Wanderer	..... schooner	140	S. Walker
6. Julia	..... yawl	122	J. C. Fielder
7. Leonore	..... schooner	116	J. B. Hesketh

Exactly as the second-hand touched the hour of eleven a.m., the Hon. Lucius Cary issued the command, and the match commenced, the wind light from W.S.W. As the day closed in the yachts were off Portland, Marina leading, followed by Julia, Galatea, Gleam, Ella, Leonore, and Wanderer, in the order named. At 6.30 on Friday morning the vessels were off Lyme Regis; at 6 p.m., off Torquay; and at dusk the following were the relative positions: 1, Marina; 2, Galatea; 3, Gleam; 4, Leonore; 5, Ella; 6, Julia.

Saturday morning began with a hazy atmosphere, and very chilly. The Leonore pressed the Ella; the wind S. by W. The west end of Plymouth Breakwater was passed in the following order and times:

	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Marina	3 35 0	Leonore	4 26 30
Julia	4 10 0	Ella	4 26 50
		Gleam	4 27 10
		Galatea	4 27 45

In addition to the stakes of £35, Mr. Morice also won a sweep of £20, in which, strange to say, he drew his own vessel. There was a sumptuous banquet at the Royal Victoria Club House on the evening previous to the race. Mr. Thomas Broadwood presenting the turtle, and Sir Gilbert East the venison.

On page 748 we give an engraving of the competing vessels off Sidmouth.

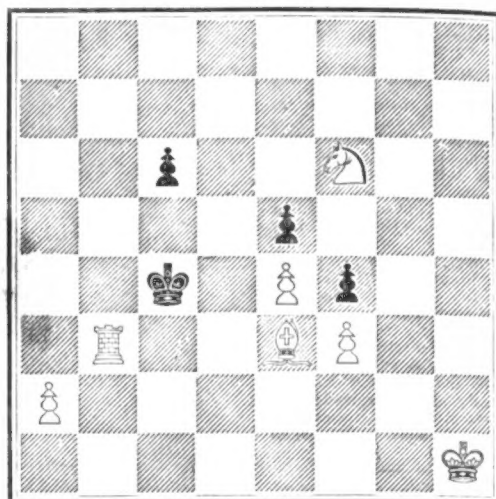
## MILITARY TYRANNY—FLOGGING A MAN WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE.

A SHORT time ago a robbery took place in the compound of a certain lieutenant, but no trace of the thief could be found. On the morning of the 28th of June the lieutenant, without consulting any of the civil authorities, determined to be his own "detective." It appears he suspected his own servants, and, therefore, commenced operations by lashing the khansamah to a tree, and after having, with his own hands, inflicted more than 100 strokes with branches cut from date trees, on the man's bare back, he took his seat on a chair under a tree, and deliberately ordered other servants and chuprasses to flog the unfortunate man until he confessed to the theft. These men proceeded with the work of torture for nearly two hours, but the khansamah still declared his innocence. A neighbour, hearing the cries of the suffering man, proceeded towards the lieutenant's compound, and finding the man undergoing a most cruel and shameful punishment, he told a jemadar of a Punjab infantry regiment who was looking on that, as the punishment was being inflicted in the military cantonment, information should be given to the senior officer; but, finding that no one would give notice, he returned to his house and wrote a hasty note to the deputy commissioner, mentioning the circumstances. The deputy commissioner immediately proceeded to the spot and found the man still tied to the trunk of the tree, with a chuprasse flogging him. He demanded from the lieutenant an explanation, and then proceeded to the senior military officer and to the commissioner. After a short time a captain with some Europeans were sent, and the lieutenant placed in arrest, and a court of inquiry was to be held on the 30th. The khansamah is now an inmate of the Charitable Dispensary, his back and chest are in a sad state, and he has been spitting blood. It was expected that the man would not recover, but through the skill and energy of our civil surgeon there is now some hope of his life, though he is by no means out of danger. The natives declared that the lieutenant ordered the khansamah to be flogged to death; and such must have been his intention, as the man was flogged from seven to a quarter past nine o'clock a.m., and must have received at least twenty strokes per minute.—*Lahore Chronicle*.

**A CORPSE DESPATCHED AS A RAILWAY PARCEL.**—A respectably-dressed person presented himself at the Lyons Railway station with a large packing-case which he wished to send to St. Flour (Puy-de-Dome). On being interrogated as to the contents, he said, after some hesitation, that the box was full of marble. This reply excited suspicion, as marble is rarely sent from Paris to Auvergne, and, besides, marble would have been much heavier. One of the clerks then said that the box must be opened, but this was vehemently opposed by its owner, who begged that family secrets might be respected. Of course, this only confirmed the suspicions already entertained, and the lid was at once forced off. To the horror of all present the dead body of a woman was found within enveloped in a shroud. The commissary of the police was then sent for, and to him the person explained that the body was that of his wife, a native of Auvergne, who died in Paris, and that he had adopted that means of sending her remains to the family burial place in order to avoid the extra charge made by railways for the conveyance of corpses. On inquiry this proved to be really the case, and the body was then forwarded to its destination in one of the carriages kept for that especial purpose.

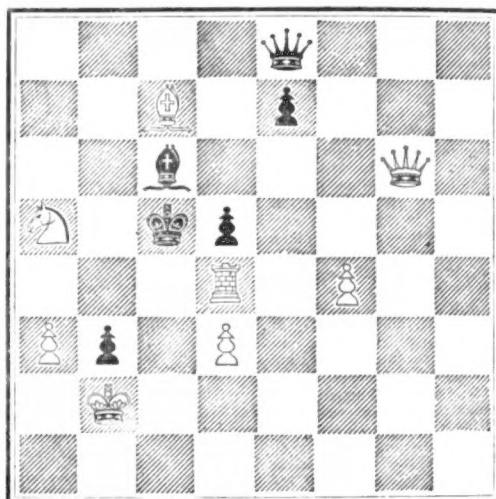
## Chess.

## PROBLEM No. 49.—By W. M. Black.



White to move, and mate in four moves.

## PROBLEM No. 50.—By T. SMITH, (Spitalfields). For the Juveniles. Black.



White to mate in two moves.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 35.

White.	Black.
1. R to Q B 8	1. K takes Kt
2. Q to K 6 (ch)	2. K takes Q
3. Kt mates	

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 36.

White.	Black.
1. Kt to Q B 6	1. P moves
2. Kt to Q Kt 1 (ch)	2. K to Q R 8
3. K to Q B sq	3. P to R 7
4. Kt to Q B 2 (mate)	

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 37.

White.	Black.
1. B to Q B 4	1. P takes B
2. R to Q 5 (ch)	2. P takes R
3. Kt mates	

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 38.

White.	Black.
1. R takes P (ch)	1. Kt takes R (a)
2. Q to Q 7	2. B takes Q
3. Kt takes B (ch)	3. K takes Kt
4. Kt mates	
	(a) 1. Q to K 3
	2. K to K B 3
	3. B takes R

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 39.

White.	Black.
1. R to Q B (sq)	1. Q to K Kt 4 (a)
2. Q takes Q	2. Any move
3. R mates	
	(a) 1. Q to B 5
	2. B takes Q

**A CHILD BRAINED BY A WAGGON WHEEL.**—On the 23rd inst., an investigation was held by Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner for Eastern Middlesex, at the Royal Standard Tavern, City-road, respecting the death of Robert Drury, aged two years. Francis Collins said that at half-past two o'clock on the previous Wednesday he saw two waggons driven along Stapleton-street, New North-road. One of them was a coke-wagon, and was driven at the rate of eight miles an hour. It was travelling much faster than the rate omnibuses usually go at. The pace was quite unnecessary. The wheels passed over the head of the deceased, who was in the roadway, and killed him instantly. The driver of the van was sitting on a bag of coke, and the horses were in tandem. Medical evidence having been tendered, Joseph Emery said that he was in the wagon in question at the time of the occurrence, and it was only going at the rate of four miles an hour. The driver was not to blame. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death, and that parents ought not to allow children of so tender an age to go into the streets without proper superintendence."



## Tale and Police.

## POLICE COURTS.

## MANXON HOUSE.

**CHARGE OF FOLGERY AND PRISONING.**—Wilfred Brougham, a well-known character, charged with falsifying a cheque, was brought before Mr. Rogers, a stockbroker, in Change-alley, by means of a forged cheque on Messrs. Coutts, the bankers, was placed at the bar before Mr. Alderman Challis, on that and a fresh accusation. Mr. James William Mason, a cashier in the bank of Messrs. Coutts, proved that no person named Wilfred Brougham kept an account there, and that the prisoner was a stranger to him. Mr. John Edmund Cole, I am a merchant in Princes-street, and was introduced to the prisoner about two years ago. He then went by the name of Mr. Wilfred Brougham, and he told me in the course of conversation that he was an officer in the 10th Hussars, and a nephew of Lord Brougham. He gave me as his address No. 4, Grafton-street, and also Arthur's Club. From that time until recently I have kept up a casual acquaintance with him. In July last I introduced him to Mr. Kylin. On the following day, about noon, the prisoner called on me at my office, and after speaking about other matters, said, "By the way, I wish you would send one of your clerks to Messrs. Coutts to get me change for this draft." It was a draft for £20, and was signed Wilfred Brougham. I said I could not do that; upon which the prisoner said, "Well, see what money you have in the house; I must have some, as I am going to Blackwall to pay for the repairs of my yacht." I had previously drawn a cheque for £50, and the money was lying on the table. I said, pointing to it, "There is some money, you can have that." He took up the money, saying as he did so, "My brougham will be here at five o'clock; you can then give me the balance of the cheque, and we will go and dine together." He then went away, and I never saw him again until he was in custody. As he did not return in his brougham, I suspected something wrong, and I presented his cheque myself at Messrs. Coutts. The answer was "No account." Mr. Wilfred Brougham: I am an officer in the 10th Hussars, and nephew of Lord Brougham whose town address is 4, Grafton-street. I am acquainted with my regiment at York. I do not know the prisoner at all. I never saw him before to my knowledge. I know no other member of my family with the name of Wilfred Brougham. There is certainly no other officer in the 10th Hussars besides myself of that name. The prisoner, after receiving the usual caution, had nothing to say. Mr. Alderman Challis committed him to Newgate for trial.

## BOW STREET.

**BARMAIDS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS.**—Eliza Watson and John Shepherd were charged with stealing from the Gordon Hotel, Covent Garden Market, several bottles of spirits, and some other articles, the property of Mr. Payne, the landlord. Police-sergeant 16 F deposed: At about half-past eight o'clock on Sunday morning I received information that the male prisoner had left the Gordon Hotel with a bottle under his arm. He was pointed out to me a short distance from the house, and I followed him to 24, Cecil-court, St. Martin's-lane. He went in, and I entered after him, and found him in a back room on the second floor. I asked him if he had been at the Gordon Hotel that morning? He said, "No." I said, "I believe you have. I saw you coming from that direction. You had better tell the truth." Mr. Henry: You ought not to have said that. The constable continued: He then admitted that he had been there, and that the barmaid had given him a bottle of brandy, two or three rashers of bacon, and some butter. I took him into custody. I afterwards went to the Gordon Hotel, and saw the female prisoner, who is barmaid there. I asked her if she had seen the young man that morning, and she said "No." She afterwards admitted that she had seen him, and had given him a bottle of brandy. Mrs. Payne said that at the time stated by the officer she saw him and the prisoners in the house. She had no doubt the brandy was the property of her husband, though of course it would be impossible to identify it positively. Three bottles of spirits were found in the female prisoner's bed. She admitted that she had taken them, and, going down on her knees, begged to be forgiven. They were remanded for further examination.

## WESTMINSTER.

**THROWING A MAN DOWN A KITCHEN AREA.**—Thomas Hodgson and Anna Gillings were charged with violently assaulting Charles Davis, and throwing him down a kitchen area. It appeared from the evidence adduced, that Davis is in the habit of visiting a girl named Clara, the sister of the female defendant, in Fulham Bridge-road, Knightsbridge. He went there on Saturday night, and was waiting for the young woman, when the female defendant went up to him, said it was bad enough for her sister to have had a child by him without her father and friends being disgraced by any further intimacy, and then attacked him with great violence. He retreated down the yard, followed by the female defendant, who then persuaded the other defendant to assist her, and they then threw defendant down a kitchen area. Mr. Dayman inquired the depth of the area? (One of the witnesses replied that it was nearly eight feet. Mr. Dayman inquired what the effects of it were? Witness replied the man complained that his back was much hurt, and he was insensible for some time. Defendants said that his going down the area was entirely the effect of accident; the railing was not sufficiently high, and the general scuffle which occurred, and the complainant fell over by accident. Complainant declared that the female defendant, calling to her male companion, said, "Throw him over into the area!" Robert Astley, 164 B, said that when he came up, and took the defendants into custody, the mob stated that the female had said, "Throw him over into the area!" which defendant then admitted she had, adding that it served him right. They were committed for two months' each to hard labour in the House of Correction.

## CLERKENWELL.

**THREATENING TO MURDER A WIFE.**—Henry Bilbery, a rough-looking fellow, well-known to the police, was charged with threatening to murder his wife at Clerkenwell. The prisoner had been on several occasions in custody on charges of threatening his wife. On Saturday night he was drunk and making a great disturbance. He was asked to go away, but he would not, and became more violent, and with a knife said he would destroy his wife's life. Mr. Leigh ordered the defendant to find two sureties in the sum of £10 each to keep the peace for three months.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**SINGULAR CHARGE OF ROBBERY.**—Morris de Winton, a tall, gentlemanly man, who gave the address, Brompton, Chatham, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with stealing a pair of earrings from the person of Amelia Herbert, while in a brougham in Great Windmill-street. The complainant, a stylishly-dressed female, who said she resided at 16, Grove-place, Brompton, said that on Friday evening week she met the prisoner, and he invited her to go out the next day with him in a brougham. She did so, and they drove out all day, and at night he stopped the brougham in Great Windmill-street, and got out, and said he would return in a few minutes. She waited in the brougham for two hours, and finding he did not come back she put her hands to her ears, and missed her earrings from her ears. The coachman then drove her home. She afterwards found that the prisoner had taken a lady waiting at a supper-room in the Haymarket, and left the earrings in pledge for the value of the supper and a loan of 15s. Richard Martin, the coachman, proved driving the prosecutrix and the prisoner about all the Saturday. Amongst other places—to some count's. The prisoner got out of the brougham in Great Windmill-street, and left the lady inside. After waiting two hours the lady asked him whether he thought the gentleman would come back, and he told her he had serious doubts, for the gentleman had not spoken to him in a "gentlemanly" manner. It was raining at the time, and through being kept in the wet (the witness) had got the lumbago (laughter). Mr. Henry Salmon, of 67, Haymarket, keeper of supper rooms, said the prisoner brought a female to the rooms—not the prosecutrix—and had supper, and left the earrings with him, and he lent him 15s. Prosecutrix identified the earrings. Prisoner asked the prosecutrix whether he had not taken the earrings by her consent. Prosecutrix denied it. Barker, 315 A, said on taking the prisoner into custody, he admitted leaving the earrings with Mr. Salmon. The prisoner, who said he was well connected, and that the count spoken of was the Count de —, and he could give the highest references, being known at the Army and Navy Club, was remanded.

**ATTEMPTED SUICIDE THROUGH INABILITY TO OBTAIN ADMISSION TO AN HOSPITAL.**—Edmund Parkinson, a tall, miserable-looking man, who was obliged to be brought to the court in a cab, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by drowning himself in the Serpentine. A constable saw the prisoner in a state of nudity on Monday night near the Serpentine, and on asking what he was going to do, he said, "To commit suicide;" and in answer to other questions, he said that he was in a state of destitution, and that his legs were very bad, and that he could not get into any hospital, and that the latter circumstance had induced him to attempt to take his life. The prisoner was taken care of at the receiving-house, and he was obliged to have a cab to bring him to the court, as he was unable, from the state of his legs, to walk. Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded him for a week, stating that he would be looked after by the authorities at the House of Detention.

## MARYLEBONE.

**THE WINDING-UP OF A COUNTRYMAN'S VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION.**—John Torkington, stoker, was charged with being drunk and violently assault-

ing an old man, named John North. The old man deposed that about ten o'clock in the evening he was going in-doors to go to bed when prisoner came up, and without the least provocation struck him a violent blow with his fist in his eye, the effect of which was to cut and blacken it very much. A female, who gave her evidence, corroborated the old gentleman's account, and added that the prisoner assaulted her. Bidlock, 118 A, apprehended the prisoner, who said he had come up to the Exhibition. The prisoner said he was very sorry for what he had done. He had come up from Lancashire to see London and the Exhibition. He had had too much to drink, and if he could make it up by giving compensation he would be glad. His worship ordered them to retire to see if they could not arrange matters, and after being absent a few moments they returned into court, when it was stated that he had compensated the old gentleman. Mr. Mansfield said he could tell him what it was. He (the prisoner) was a young man who had come from the country to pay a visit to the Exhibition. He got abominably drunk, and gave the old man a blow which might have caused his death; and if he had not compensated him, it would have been his duty to have fined him £5, or committed him for a couple of months with hard labour. He should advise him, as he was a powerful young man, not to take any more than what was good for him. He could go this time.

**A PECCATORY PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT.**—A well-dressed man, between thirty-five and forty years of age, whose name did not transpire, entered the witness-box, and, addressing Mr. Mansfield, commenced by saying:—About fourteen years ago I took a wife and married a woman. (loud laughter.) Well, sir, two years after my marriage my wife left me to lead, as I believe, a "gay" life. I have since heard that she is dead, and you will oblige me by informing me if in the event of my marrying again I shall be punished for bigamy? Mr. Mansfield: How long is it since you either heard or saw anything of her? Applicant: More than eight years. If she is not living the probability is that she died through drinking to excess, as she was much addicted to it. Mr. Mansfield: If you marry again, and your wife being alive, finds you out, she may no doubt prosecute against you for bigamy, but should you be tried for that offence you in all probability would have but a very short imprisonment, as the second union would have been contracted by you under a belief that after a period of eight years' absence you felt yourself at liberty to re-marry, but I must tell you that if you do again marry, and have a family, the children, should you have any, would be illegitimate, and that if it turns out that your first wife is in existence. If she is you may have very good grounds for an application to Sir Cresswell Cresswell for a divorce. It may cost you £16 or £17, but you had better take a little more time for consideration in the matter. The applicant, who seemed very perplexed and bewildered as to what course he should pursue, thanked the magistrate for his attention, and retired.

## WORSHIP STREET.

**A CURIOUS RECIPE FOR STOLEN PROPERTY.**—A WHOLESALE THIEF.—Margaret Toole, a well-dressed, but stunted woman, about twenty-five years of age, was charged before Mr. Leigh with the following robbery:—Phoebe Hooper, an assistant to Mr. Plumptre, a draper in Whitechapel-road, said:—About six o'clock on the previous evening this woman and another entered our shop, and asked to look at some bonnets. Several were shown to them, but the prisoner walked about the shop looking at other articles. Her peculiar manner induced me to believe her intoxicated. Suddenly, when near the street door, she stopped, as I presumed, for the purpose of arranging her (the prisoner's) dress, which was partly raised; but, at that instant, I noticed a portion of fringe hanging down, and my suspicion was immediately aroused. I called for help. She was stopped, and a police-constable took her to the police-station. On being searched, nine black silk mantles and two coloured silk dresses were found beneath her crinoline. They are my employer's property, and must have been taken by her from various parts of our shop. The other woman got away. The value of the articles is nearly £7. The magistrate asked, "Is this woman known?" A police-constable: Oh, yes, sir! She has been at penal servitude for three years, and has "done a twelvemonth since that time." She is a notorious and successful thief. Mr. Leigh: The prisoner shall go for trial, and let the previous convictions be properly proved.

**SELF-CONFESSION OF CAUSING DEATH.**—Alfred Gleave, a chronometer-maker, living in Balls-pond-road, Islington, was charged before Mr. Leigh, upon his own confession, with having caused the death of Susan Dimmock, aged twenty-two, by shooting her with a pistol. The evidence, which was very lengthy, went to show that the deceased was in company with another young woman named Sarah Hawkins, about twelve o'clock at night, and that while walking close by the toll-house, at the corner of Dalston-lane, a pistol was fired from inside, or close by it; that Susan Dimmock instantly sunk to the ground without speaking; that when raised by her friend blood was flowing from the side of her head, and that she died without uttering a word. The prisoner at that time was unarmed, and confessed to having fired a pistol, which was partly the cause of its being loaded, and expressed great regret at what he had done, and gave himself up to the police. Thomas Phillips, the collector at the gate mentioned, swore that the pistol was his; that he had loaded it about half an hour previously to its being fired, and left it in his desk in the toll-house; that it must have been taken from thence while he was giving change to a cabman, and that he found it in the toll-house near its former position directly afterwards, as at which time it was unloaded. Sarah Hawkins, in answer to questions from the magistrate, said that the prisoner and the deceased had been acquainted with each other, but she did not know whether they kept company. She had seen prisoner about three hours previous to the time at which her friend was shot, but not any words passed between them. Medical evidence from the German Hospital proved that the wound was caused by a pistol shot, which had most probably penetrated the brain; but no internal examination had yet been made. The prisoner, who is a stout, young man, declared that he was unaware of the weapon being loaded, and that he was examining it when it exploded suddenly. Committed for trial.

## THAMES.

**A "PHILANTHROPIST" ROBBED.**—Mary Johnson, aged twenty-three, who was described as a prostitute, of 15, Star-street, Bromley, was charged with stealing £4 in gold from the person of Thomas Wilson, a watchmaker, of 1, Type-street, Bethnal-green. The prosecutrix, a grave-looking old man, said he met the prisoner the previous night in Bromley, and she said that she had two sick children at home, and was in great distress. He wanted to act a father's part towards her, and took her to a chandler's shop, and gave her bread and cheese and a pint of small beer, with a bottle of ginger beer in it. He then walked about with her giving her fatherly advice, until half-past four o'clock in the morning, when he missed four sovereigns, and then gave her into custody. Mr. Selfe: And you were walking about with her for six hours and a half, giving her fatherly advice? The prosecutrix: Yes, sir. I have fourteen children of my own, and took pity on this young woman. Mr. Selfe: Don't you act a fatherly part again to frail women. The prisoner is discharged. Give the man his gold.

## SOUTHWARK.

**CAUTION TO CARMEN REFUSING TO TAKE A FARE.**—Henry Benson, the driver of hackney carriage No. 2337, was summoned for unlawfully refusing to drive a lady named Kezia Brownrigg to a place not exceeding six miles when requested, and while plying for hire at a public place. The complainant, an American lady, stated that on Sunday night, the 17th instant, about half-past eleven o'clock, she came up by the South-Eastern Railway with a female friend from Ramsgate. It rained very hard when the train arrived at the London Bridge Railway Terminus, but a male relative met them, and, after considerable trouble, the defendant's cab was brought to them from Wellington-street, where he was plying for hire. They, that is, herself and female friend, got into the cab, and the defendant was told to drive them to St. James's-gate, Bermondsey. As soon as he heard that the defendant said he should not take them, and ordered them out of his vehicle. They were accordingly compelled to leave the cab, and they got wet through before they could get another conveyance. Mr. Gummer, the gentleman who met the ladies at the railway station, said that after he had put them into the defendant's cab, and told him to drive them to St. James's-gate, he refused. Witness then asked him for his ticket, when he said, "You'll find a ticket under the seat, and you may get it." Witness considering his conduct very bad, directed him to drive to the police-station, when he still refused to take the fare, and another cab was provided. Witness asked that when at the railway station no less than a dozen cabmen refused to carry them, and the defendant was brought from Wellington-street to take the ladies up. In answer to the charge, the solicitor for the defendant said that he had been out with his cab all day, and had just come from a long journey, when he was called to the railway station. He was willing to have taken a fare westward, toward his stables, which caused him to drive to the railway, but it would have been impossible for him to have driven his horse to Bermondsey. The magistrate (Mr. Combe) said it was a very bad case, indeed, and he did not believe that the defendant wanted to go home, but, like a great many other cabmen, preferred picking their fares, to the annoyance and inconvenience of the public. He should fine him 20s. and costs, and suspend his licence for a month.

**A BAD FATHER.**—Ellen Cogan, a prostitute, was charged with assaulting her father, David Cogan, by striking him with a half-pint cup. The complainant, whose face was bound up, said that the previous evening he, his

wife, and two other women, with the prisoner, were together, and on one of the party bringing in some beer, the latter, without any provocation, took up the cup, which she was drinking from, and threw it at the prisoner. He was in his own room at the time, at 4, George-yard, Red-church-lane. The prisoner, who was a female, said her father struck her first, and that he was afterwards with her. He deposed his wife and family, who were left without a penny, and he married the woman, who was his wife for some years. Her father died only a fortnight after her marriage. The state of the prisoner's mind was such that she was reduced to a life of prostitution, but he recommended her not to go to his place. Remanded until Tuesday next.

**A JUVENILE VICTIM.**—William Holdham, a decent-looking lad, about sixteen years of age, who was tried at the Old Bailey and acquitted on Saturday, was brought up in custody of Henry Wallis, 97 V, charged with uttering forged cheques to several tradesmen in the district of this court, thereby defrauding them of various sums. It appeared from the evidence of the constable, that for some time past the prisoner has been sporting about the metropolis, dispensing his favours among the various livery-stable boys, and innkeepers. Hiring-horses and vehicles of the former and putting up at the houses of the latter. After running into debt, he left the horse and chaise and patronised another livery-stable keeper, and attempted to pledge the property he had left as a security. His career was soon stopped, and he was committed from Wandsworth Police-court to the Old Bailey for trial. The constable added, he was tried on Saturday, when the jury, after being looked up all night, returned a verdict of acquittal. The officer then took him into custody on the present charge. Mrs. Tabitha Dodge, coach broker, 117, Blackfriars-road, said that she recollected the prisoner calling upon her on the 26th of June last, when he hired a chaise, and on returning it he gave her a cheque on the Bank of London, saying that it was his master's, and all right. She took it out of it, and handed it to her forger, who gave her the information to the police, but could not hear anything about the prisoner until last week, when she heard that he was committed to Newgate for trial. The constable here informed her that there were several other cases against the prisoner; therefore he asked for a remand. Remanded.

## LAMBETH.

**QUALMS OF CONSCIENCE.**—John Bunton was placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott, on charge of forging a watch and seal, the property of Mr. Wickens, Police-constable Johnathan Cook, 254 F, said that on the night before, while on duty, the prisoner came up to him and said he had stolen a watch and 17s. 6d. from the house of Mr. Wickens, No. 2, Harleyford-road, Brixton, and being very unhappy in his mind, he wished to deliver himself up. Witness asked him what he had done with the watch, and he said he had pledged it at the shop of Mr. Bird, a pawnbroker at Woodwich. He took the prisoner to the station-house, and after looking him up found that his statement respecting the robbery was correct. Mr. Wickens said the prisoner was courting his wife's sister, and she introduced him at his house as her lover. He visited his sister-in-law three times, and on leaving last time (on Monday night last) the watch, which had been hanging up in the kitchen, and about 35s. from his drawers, were missing. Witness had been on the look-out ever since for the prisoner, but did not see him until the night before, when he was in custody. The prisoner confessed his guilt, but said the money consisted of three half-crowns only. The pawnbroker not being in attendance, the prisoner was remanded to a future day.

## HAMMSTEAD.

**APPREHENSION OF A NOTORIOUS BEGGING LETTER IMPOSTOR.**—Mark Woodward, dressed in a very clean smock frock, and whose jolly looking appearance gave him the appearance of a country farmer of former days, was charged before Mr. J. Marsh and Mr. R. Prance with being a begging letter impostor. Mr. Francis Rowden, a barrister, residing at No. 5, Well-walk, Hampstead, deposed: On Thursday last, a little before nine o'clock, the prisoner came to my house, and asked if Mrs. Rowden was at home. Being informed she was, he (the prisoner) gave the servant a begging petition, and a book with a long list of names purporting to have subscribed to it. Among the names were those of Miss Tollenmache, Colonel C. Doherty, and Admiral Leigh. The petition was:—"Kind Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have had my stable broken into, and my horse lame and disabled. I will be more than ever anxious to let him rest than to work him when not able; and on horse dead. The smallest donation will be thankfully received in the time of need, and the Lord I hope will return you double reward." I took the book and petition to prisoner, and said, "What is all this about?" He said, "I have been a green-grocer, I said, 'Where do you come from?' I understood him to reply, 'From many miles away.' I told him I was about to leave home then, but if he would call in the morning I would see what could be done for him. That morning prisoner called again, and said his horse was out at grass, and gave me so many different accounts, that I was confirmed in my first impression of his being an impostor, and I gave him into custody of a mendicant officer, whom I sent for. James Fryer, an officer of the Mendicant Society, called on Mr. Rowden's appointment and apprehended the prisoner. On the way to the station prisoner wanted me to have some brandy. On searching him I found £3 10s. in gold, and £1 in silver. On coming to the Petty Sessions House prisoner offered me one pair of trousers, if I would let him off. Inspector Webb, S. Division, said he had ascertained prisoner had been in Hampstead five days, at a very respectable tavern, where he passed himself off as a retired farmer, living on his means, and travelling about from place to place for pleasure; that his conduct at his lodgings was everything which might be expected of a man possessing very comfortable means. Mr. Beavis, landlord of the King of Bohemia, where prisoner had been lodging, corroborated Mr. Webb, and said that the other night prisoner was annoyed because he could not have a hot bed-teak and potatoes for supper. Mr. Webb applied for a remand, as he had no doubt prisoner had been carrying on this system of deception for some time past. Prisoner, who said he came from Lammington and Warwick, and had been some time in Birmingham, was then remanded.

## MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

**THE GREAT ROBBERY AT MESSRS. BURTON'S IN OXFORD-STREET.**—Edmund Godwin, twenty-three years of age, and described as a tailor, was indicted for feloniously breaking and entering the shop of Mr. Samuel Burton, and stealing therein seven silver tea-pots and other articles of the value of £450. Mr. Tindal Atkinson prosecuted; Mr. Ribton was counsel for the prisoner. The prisoner lodged in an attic at 9, Newman-street, adjoining Messrs. Burton's premises, for some time in June. During the night of the 11th of that month, an entry was effected into Messrs. Burton's warehouse, through a trap in the roof, and a large quantity of silver stolen, value nearly £500. From marks on the leads of the adjoining houses, it was found that some one had gone from the trap to the prisoner's attic, and it was proved that he and another person took away a large box, supposed to contain the plunder, and which no doubt it did, and went to Ireland. A complete set of burglars' implements were found on the premises of Sergeant Lambert, 12 Jew-johnnies, crowbars, a rope ladder, a bull-saw, picklock, a wedge made of lead, matches, &c. On the 1st instant the prisoner was apprehended by Cook, 198 S, at the corner of Clipstone-street. The constable said to him, "Your name is Godwin?" The prisoner replied, "It is not; you make a mistake." The witness said, "Yes, your name is Godwin, and I shall take you for a robbery at Messrs. Burton's, in Oxford-street, in June last, and stealing a large quantity of silver." The prisoner said again that there was a mistake; his name was not Godwin. Cook then said, "Then I'll call you Whitenob"—a name he was known by—"you know me, and I know you." The prisoner said, "All right, Mr. Cook; you have put away many an innocent man, and I suppose you are going to do the same with me." He denied ever having lived in Newman-street, gave a false address, No. 15, Liverpool-street, Islington, there being no such number, the highest being 11; but he was traced to Dorrington-street, Clerkenwell, where he had been lodging, and where the police found the box in which the stolen silver had been carried off from Newman-street. In it were marks which, examined under a powerful magnifying glass, showed that they had been produced by silver. The prisoner took the lodging in the name of Richards, and on the night of the robbery had some one with him whom he let in. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty." and former convictions were proved against him. The learned judge said there was an imperative duty to perform, and the sentence of the Court upon the prisoner was, that he be kept in penal servitude for the period of ten years.

**A WORLD-BE SUICIDE.**—William Hutchins, fifty-two, labourer, was indicted for unlawfully attempting to kill himself by cutting his arm with a razor. The prisoner pleaded not guilty, and said he knew nothing of the matter. Mr. J. H. Bailes, surgeon, of 5, Ossulston-street, said that on the 12th of August he was called to No. 10, Drum, or 1st-street, where he found the prisoner, who was lying in a pool of blood. There was a razor on the table, with which he had opened his arm, and he was bleeding to death; and would have, no doubt, been dead in a few minutes, had not the flow of blood been stayed by ligatures. As it was no had lost thirty ounces of blood, and it appeared he was labouring under peculiar delusions; and he said that a man with wings had got through the window and inflicted the wound. The jury found him "Guilty;" and the learned judge sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, observing that that was the best course that could be taken with him.



## A WOMAN IN MAN'S ATTIRE.

On Tuesday, at the Gateshead Police-court, John McCabe and Maria Dixon were placed in the dock as suspicious characters. Notwithstanding the difference of sex, the magistrates found it necessary to ask which was McCabe and which Dixon, for on the names being called, two persons, both apparently stout, strong lads, were brought forward. It appeared, however, from the statement of Mr. Superintendent Schorey, that Dixon was a female in man's clothes, and that on Saturday night she and the male prisoner went into the Steamboat public-house, and sold to the landlady some petticoats and other female habiliments. Suspicion being aroused, information was sent to the police, the two parties were taken into custody, and Dixon, on being asked if she was a female, acknowledged the soft impeachment. She was a round-faced, strong-looking person, and with her hair cut short and parted on the left side, might well be mistaken for a young man. She had pale blue eyes, and a round and not unpleasant face. Her companion, McCabe, might be either an agricultural labourer or a navvie. He was a young fellow, not ill-looking, and wore a smock and red neckerchief. He said that he met the female on Friday, and that they agreed to go harvesting together, she putting on man's clothes, because she could earn more money in the male character than in her own. From questions put to her by the bench, however, it appeared that this was not a new freak. She said she was a native of the Highlands, but had been in these parts about two years. She had generally worn male attire, because she could get more money by working as a man, and she had so worked at Winton Park for nearly twelve months; she had also worked at Spennymoor Iron Works, and had been working down a coal-pit at Leasingthorpe. At Bishop Auckland she had a quarrel with a man about wages, in consequence of which she was sent for three months to Durham gaol. There her sex was discovered, and since she came out she had been in female garb. She had put herself, she said, in man's clothes again to work for money to take her to Australia. She added that she was twenty-four years of age. The bench recommended her to assume her proper attire, and on her promising to do so she and the male prisoner were discharged. Amongst other articles found in her possession, in a bundle which she carried about with her, were a looking-glass, a photograph of a female, who, she said, had fallen in love with her, and a lock of hair presented to her by another female, who had been captivated by what appeared to be a very handsome boy of nineteen or twenty years.—*Sunderland Herald*.

FOX-HUNTING IN LONDON.—On Sunday afternoon last considerable excitement and amusement was created in the neighbourhood of the Lower-road, Islington, by the appearance of a very fine fox. He was at first discovered by some boys in the Cambridge-road, and here the sport commenced. A strong body of would-be sportsmen at once turned their attention to fox-hunting, and after a good chase through streets, over railings, flower gardens, and walls Master Reynard managed to make his escape.

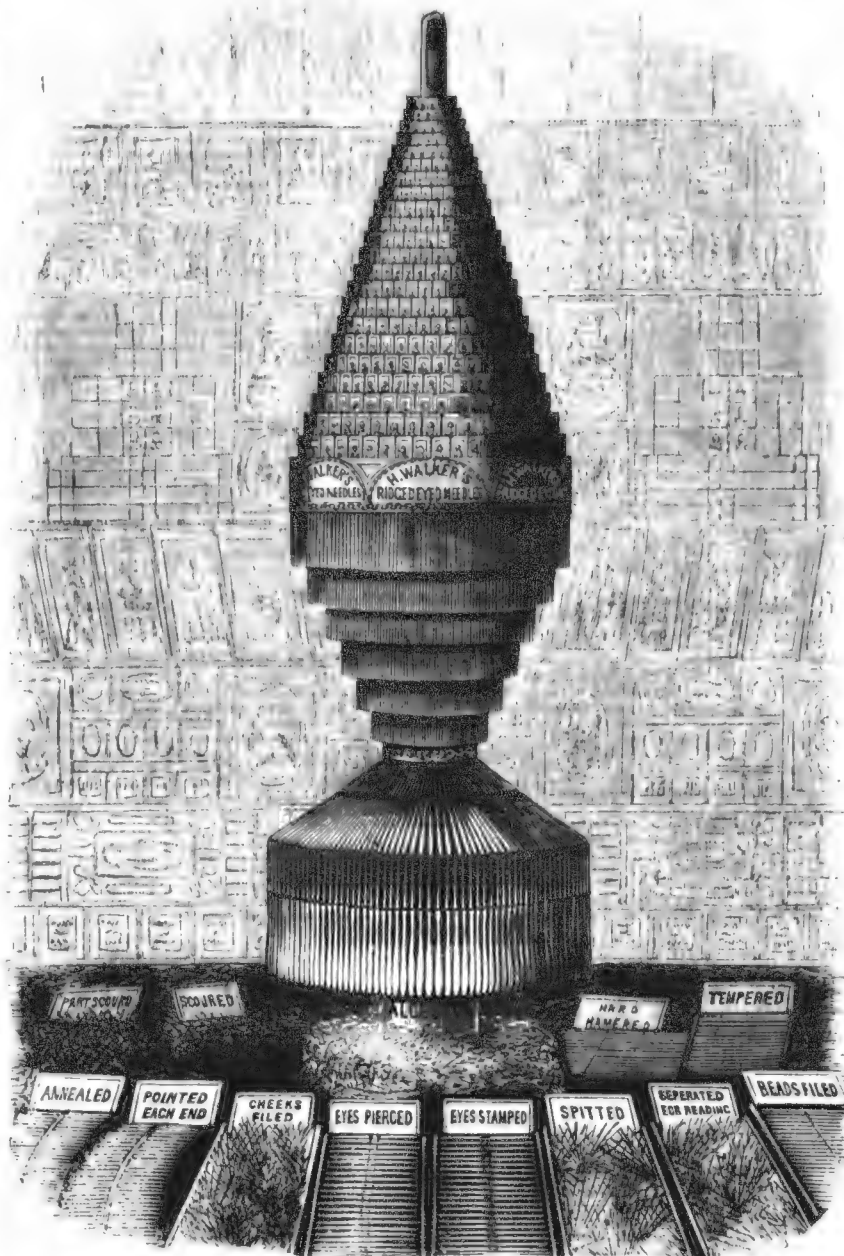
## CONDITION OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.

In relation to the position and prospects of the army of General McClellan, the following particulars are given in a letter, dated August the 10th, from one of the Federal officers to a friend in London:—

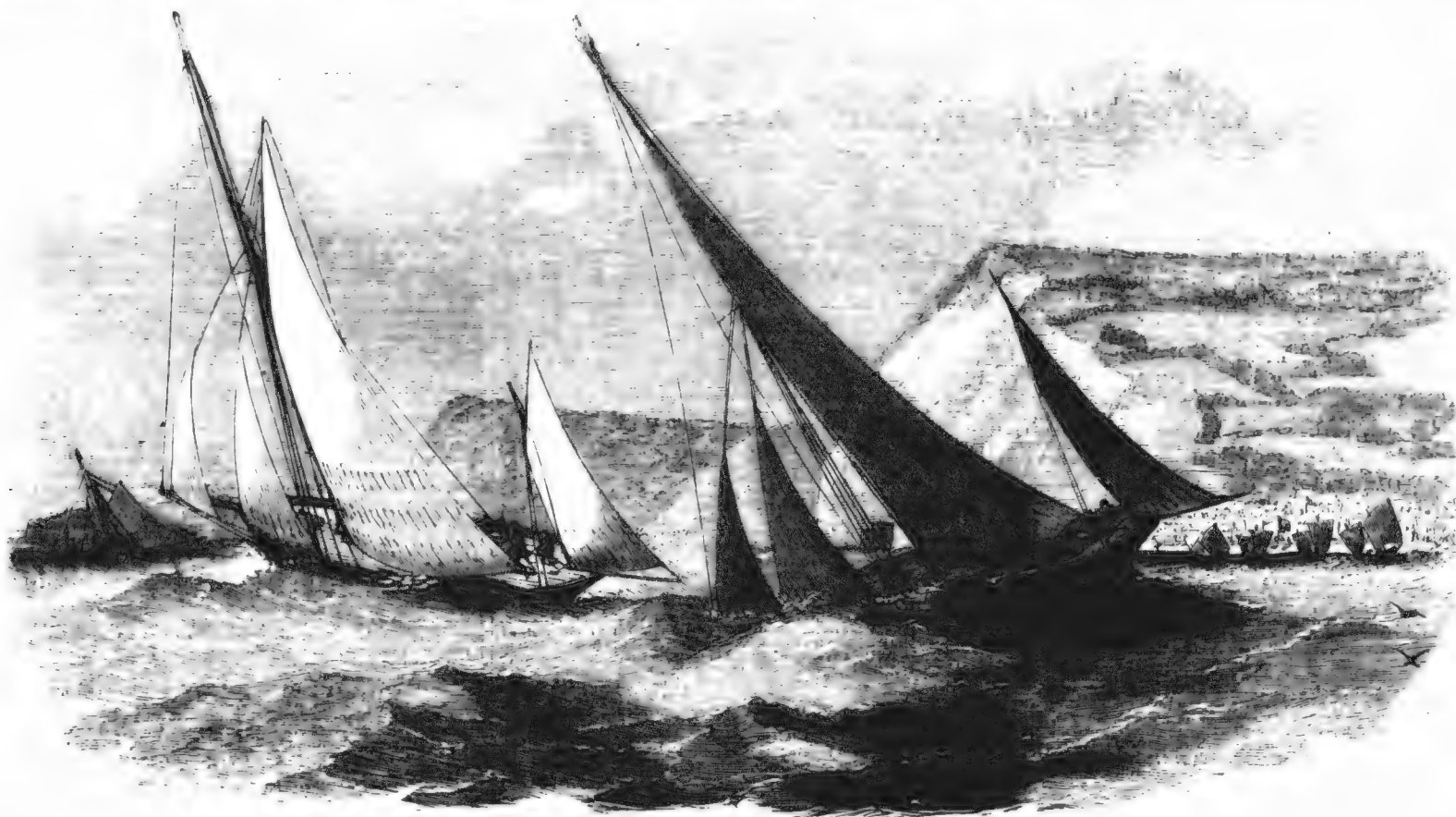
"August 10, 1862.

"The Federal army corps to which I belong has been in the field since the 3rd of May and has suffered greatly from sickness. We have only fought one pitched battle with the enemy, in which we had a heavy loss in killed and wounded; by a singular anomaly both sides retreated after the battle. We heard that the enemy had been largely reinforced, and the enemy heard the same of us, as we have since ascertained from prisoners. The battles before Richmond lasted seven days, and the sun never shone upon more terrible fighting. Both sides included, 51,000 men were killed and wounded, as admitted in the official despatches of both armies. Our General, McClellan, fought bravely and disputed every yard of ground, but he was clearly overpowered and beaten, and the city of Richmond disengaged. We are now collecting a large army to the north of Richmond, about a hundred miles distant, of which we form a part, and we shall, probably, march upon Richmond early in September, provided the enemy offer no objection. McClellan's army is twenty-seven miles south of Richmond. With the exception of the capture of New Orleans, we have obtained no solid advantage over the rebels. We have merely the ground we are encamped upon, and the war seems as far from being settled as at the commencement. You must not believe one-half you read of our Federal victories; they are either unfounded or gross exaggerations. From what I have seen of the enemy, they are in point of strategy quite a match for us, and our best chance is the failure of their resources. For the present there is a perfect lull in the war, the valorous propensities of both parties seem somewhat cooled down, but it is merely the precursor of the storm that will soon break over us. By reliable accounts the rebels have concentrated fully 200,000 men at Richmond to meet us."

GREAT TAKES OF FISH.—The *John's Grant Journal Circular* says that on the other morning the boats came in from the northward to Wick "literally borne down to the water's edge with their captures. Indeed, the quantity of fish taken has scarcely ever been exceeded, if ever it has been equalled." From another quarter we learn of equally extraordinary good fortune. The *Tuam Herald* jubilantly records that "never in the memory of that distinguished personage, the 'oldest inhabitant,' was there a more immense haul of herrings than that which blessed the labours of the Galway fishermen on one night in the Bay of Oranmore. The fish market near the Claddah was in consequence on the following morning the scene of the utmost joy and excitement. Some of the boats, we have been credibly informed, took no fewer than 16,000. One could get herrings in the old 'Cittie of the Tribes' almost literally for a song; they sold easily for 1s. 3d. a hundred."

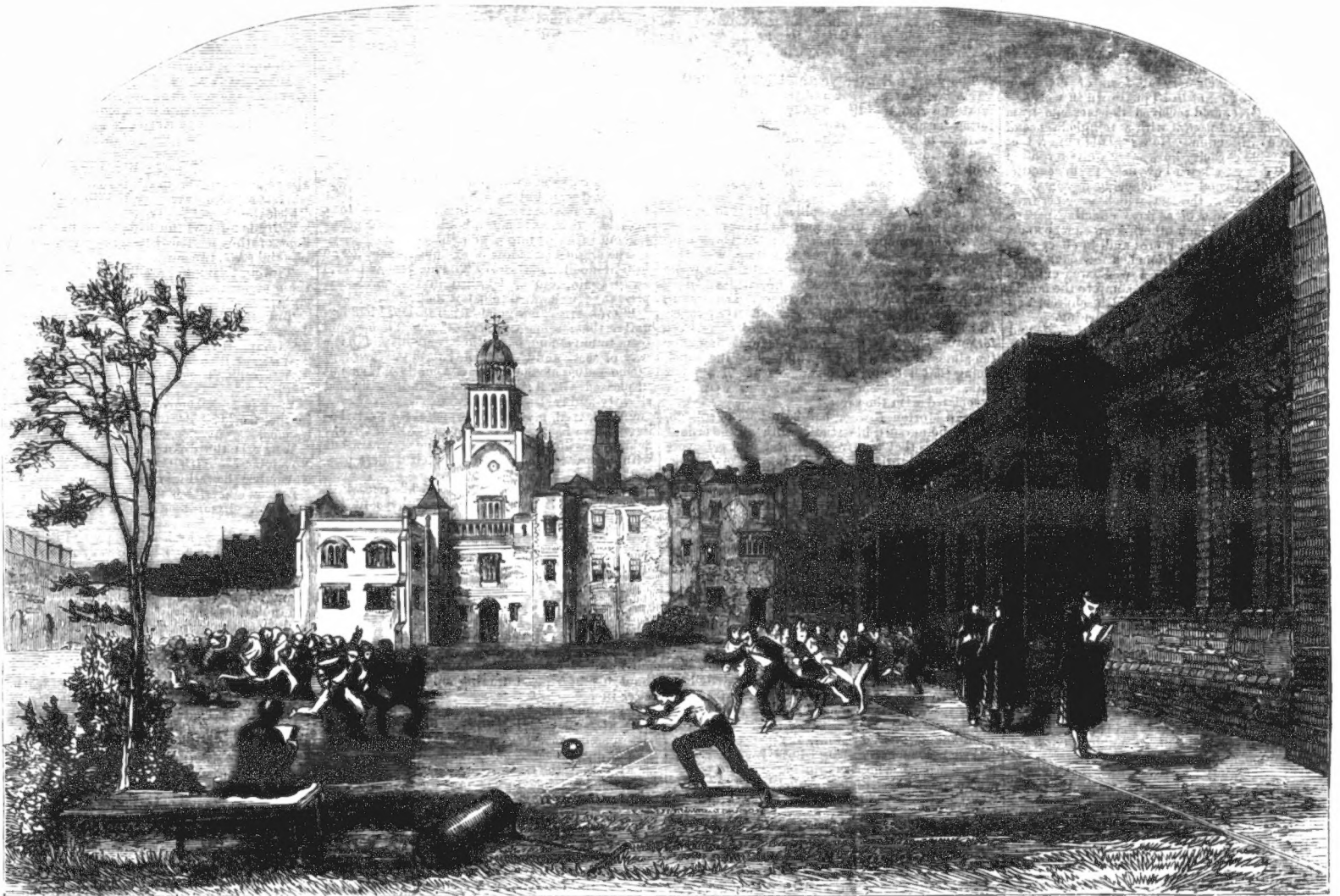


WALKER'S NEEDLE PILLAR IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



THE OCEAN SAILING MATCH—VESSELS PASSING SIDMOUTH.





EXTERIOR OF THE CHARTER HOUSE.

## "London Town."

ITS STREETS.—ITS HOUSES AND ITS PEOPLE.  
—ITS ODD SCENES AND STRANGE CHARACTERS.—ITS MYSTERIES, MISERIES, AND SPLENDORS.—ITS SAD MEMORIES AND COMIC PHASES.

BY THE HERMIT OF EXETER CHANGE.

### No. 14.—THE CHARTER HOUSE.

On the 9th of May, 1611, Sir Thomas Sutton, the richest merchant of his time, and one of the most benevolent men that ever lived, purchased the Charter House from the Earl of Suffolk for the sum of £13,000.

This Charter House was first founded in 1371, by the celebrated Sir Walter Manny, for twenty-four Carthusian monks—a branch of the Benedictines whose rule, with the addition of many new austerities, they followed. In consequence of the suppression of the religious houses at the time of the Reformation, and the multitudinous transfers of property to which that event gave birth, this heritage of the Carthusians found its way to the Earl of Suffolk and his relatives, from whom, as we have just observed, the good and munificent Sir Thomas Sutton bought it at the time stated. His object was to found a hospital for old men and a school for boys. On the 1st of November he conveyed all the estates specified in the letters patent, which not only included the Charter House of itself but also upwards of twenty manors and lordships, with many other valuable estates in the counties of Essex, Lincoln, Wilts, Cambridge, and Middlesex to the governors in trust for the hospital.

The governors held their first meeting on the 30th of June 1613, when the necessary arrangements for the commencement of the practical purposes of the institution were devised. Of these governors there are sixteen in number, including the master, and they exercise the entire direction—they form a body corporate. Vacancies are filled up by the other governors. They present to the hospital and school in rotation. The principal officers are the master, the preacher, the master of the school, the registrar (who is also the receiver and steward of the courts), the reader (who is also the librarian), the writing master, the resident medical officer, the organist, the manciple or house steward, and surveyor.

The pensioners of the Charter House are eighty in number, the scholars are forty-four. No one can be admitted as a pensioner under the age of fifty years, unless maimed in war, and none but those who have been housekeepers are eligible. The pensioners are well and even richly fed; they have each a separate apartment, with proper attendance, and are allowed about £25 a-year for clothes, &c.

Boys are admitted into the school about the age of ten and fourteen; they receive an excellent education, as the numerous first-class scholars the Charter House has sent forth can testify. When properly qualified, the Charter House pupils are sent to the University, where twenty-nine exhibitions, of the value of eighty pounds a-year, are

provided. In other cases, where the boy has given no signs of extraordinary aptitude for the cultivation of classical learning or polite accomplishments, he is apprenticed to some trade. The hospital pays his indenture fee. One instance of this practice is curious:—Henry Siddons was apprenticed by the Charter House to his uncle, Mr. J. P. Kemble, to "learn the histrionic art and mystery."

The principal buildings of the present Charter House are the hall, the chapel, the school-room in the centre of the extensive playground, the evidence-room, the old and the new governors' rooms, the old court-room, and the numerous buildings required for the accommodation of the pensioners and boys. These buildings are disposed round three quadrangles, or courts, of different sizes. The old court-room is, perhaps, the most interesting part of the Charter House. A single glance at this beautiful room is enough to recall the memory of the time when the stately Virgin Queen trod its floor, attended by her magnificent throng of courtiers, warriors, and statesmen—for, visitor though she was, she had not the slightest notion of abating one jot of her regal dignity under any circumstances. The ceiling of this room is very rich, with its gilded pendants, and fine stucco work and painting. Its walls are hung with tapestry, which, however, is very much faded. The most interesting feature of the room is the lofty architectural chimney-piece, with paintings in different shaped panels, of which the three called "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity" are positively extraordinary works of art. They are designed in a very pure style, and correctly drawn. Who this author was it is difficult to say; but they are worthy of Holbein, and not unlike his style. In this room the anniversary of the foundation has long been accustomed to be held, on the 12th of December, when, among other old ditties proper to the occasion, is sung one terminating with the pertinent, if not poetical verses:—

"Then blessed be the memory  
Of good Sir Thomas Sutton;  
Who gave us lodging—learning,  
And he gave us beef and mutton."

From the beef and mutton the transition is easy to the kitchen, with its two enormous chimneys, which is as genuine a piece of the old monastery as the I. H. S. on the old walls behind, or as the announcement that still greets the eye in the same place, and delights every lover of art, by the use of a word they had never again expected to be familiarised among us except in his pages to the "Manciple's Offices."

In the master's house, which includes a very handsome suite of apartments, there are portraits of Charles II.; Archbishop Sheldon; William, Earl of Craven (the lover of the Empress Palatine); George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham; Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury; the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth; Lord Shaftesbury (author of the "Characteristics"); Dr. Burnet, and Sutton himself, a very venerable-looking old gentleman.

The gross annual rental of the Charter House property is about £30,000.

## Literature.

### ORIGINAL TALES.

#### LITTLE ELSIE.

##### TWO LIFE STORIES.

#### PART II.—HOW THE TWO LIVES GREW

THE reception of the little maiden by Lord Lionel Elwood was of a cordial and affectionate nature, and all the old feeling of the past, concentrated into esteem and kindness toward his old companion and faithful servant, Wilton Greenfield, seemed to be re-awakened in the nobleman's breast with a strength, his exhausted frame was scarcely able to endure.

"Tell your grandfather that I thank him for his goodwill, for his kindly thought of me, my pretty one," he said. "I receive many a rich present from my friends, but I value those he sends me, more than any—than all. We were good friends once. Ah, me!—once! and the time will never come back again."

And he leaned his head sorrowfully on the pillow which propped him in his chair, looking back as it were, with a sorrowful heart at the years misspent, and contrasting them with the happier days in old Greenfield's companionship before sin had tarnished his soul, and when he looked up to Heaven, with eyes as clear and bright as Heaven's own stars.

"Is she not a lovely little fairy, papa?" said young Morton who had entered, and was standing beside his father's chair.

Lord Lionel unclosed his faint eyes, fixed them on Elsie's face awhile and said—

"Very beautiful. It is even marvellous how she got that refined air which so remarkably distinguishes her. Her grandfather I recollect to have been an eminently fine man. Still all his characteristics were of a robust and masculine order, and yet she is like him. I see his face in hers."

All this time as may be imagined, little Elsie stood in the grand and gloriously shaded chambers where the invalid passed most of his time now, unable to move about, and all out-of-door exercises for ever at an end.

She was looking in puzzled wonder from the one to the other, while they spoke, and finding herself so much the subject of remark—flattering enough, no doubt—though to a child naturally very embarrassing, and blushing in such a way as made the exquisite bloom upon her cheeks the more remarkable.

"Be kind to her, Morton, when I am gone, for my sake," said the old lord, with a sad tenderness. I loved her grandsire like a dear friend once. He was a better man than I became—Heaven pardon me!"

"She shall never know a sorrow that I can remove from her path," cried Morton, impetuously. When, with a start, and his fading eye, kindling

under a new-born impulse, his father quickly added:—

"And hark you, boy, as you value my blessing, and Heaven's forgiveness, do her no wrong."

"Wrong—papa! I wrong her! I don't understand you."

The ingenuous surprise, not unmixed with anger that was expressed in his face proved that he spoke the truth.

"No, how could you? Nevertheless, the day will come when you will fully understand me; therefore, I say to you, remember my words—never forget them."

He spoke so emphatically—his words were so full of impressiveness that they had their full effect upon Morton, who answered as gravely—

"I will not forget them, papa—do not you fear."

"Take her to Mr. Mason—let her rest awhile, and let her have some refreshment. Good morning my darling, give me your hand."

She timidly advanced, put her hand into his, while he bent his head, and kissed her tenderly on the forehead.

"I hope, my lord, you will soon be better." Tremblingly the earnest words, like a prayer, escaped her lips.

"Better?" He spoke with almost an outburst of anguish. "Better! Oh! Would—would to the High Heaven, I were better, and better—far better, dead, than living!"

"Papa, dear papa!" exclaimed Morton, half-alarm, "Do not agitate yourself."

"It is past now, Morton. Tell your grandfather, little one, that his old friend, Lord Lionel, would be glad to see him once more before he dies. I think somehow," he added softly, that his presence would do me good."

"I will tell him so, my lord."

Then, having made a timid little curtsey, she followed Morton into Mrs. Mason's sanctum, where, having made a luxurious feast on some preserved fruits, and sipped a whole half glass of wonderful wine, she took her leave and bent her way back to the dell, Morton, this time going part of the way with her, as if his duty as her protector was to commence from that very moment.

The soft, sweet summer air sang like a carol in Morton Elwood's ears as he stood with her at the edge of the dell where they were to part, she to retrace her steps to her grandfather's dwelling and Morton to return to the hall.

The lad had clearly some innate sense of beauty, for looking on her sweet childish face, so bright, so pure, so ingenuous, he felt a rapture moving and stirring his heart, such as he had never known before.

What could that dawning new born sentiment mean, which, while it yielded him such unspeakable delight, at the same time made his breast throb with a delicious pain?

Why was it that, after she had bade him good day, and was lost in the green tracery of the dell, he felt as though the sun had set, the skies darkened and deadened the song of the birds.

Why did he return slowly, moodily, dreamily,



unconscious of the fact, even, that he was moving homeward; why, in fact, did he feel as he had never felt before?

These questions belong to the metaphysics of the emotions which may be understood and even realized, but which defy all form of definition when they are sought to be put down in words.

William Greenfield received the message from his old friend and patron with a mingled sense of regret and satisfaction. He was glad to know that in his humble capacity he was not quite forgotten—deeply sorry to learn how near to his end the lofty lord of Elwood was advancing day by day.

Their interview, the last which ever occurred between them, was of a most affecting nature. They took leave of each other like men who knew they were never to meet more and, in effect, such was the case, for Lord Lionel, a few days after, suffered a relapse, and ere a week was out, his corpse was borne with stately pomp to the family mausoleum, in the ancient parish church, and Elwood Hall became a house of mourning.

Morton Elwood, the young heir to the title and estates, was, therefore, an orphan.

It is sufficiently well known, without much necessity of illustration, that there are two forms, two sides, two extremes to the orphan question, and that the young Lord Morton Elwood had, on his part, much the best of it.

When Fagin, the Field Lane Jew, is strung up at Newgate, and leaves his young "Charley Bates," the "Artful Dodger," and Co., without a parental hand to guide them in the "path they are to go"—when "Bill Sykes" has come to grief at Tyburnia, or at Horseman's Lane, and leaves his misbegotten "Caliban," a lad unkempt and uncouth, with wit, quickness, intelligence, and the cunning of Belial, fitted even to constitute a Prime Minister for any Italian State or Duchy—when Bill is gone, and Caliban an orphan, is it not probable that this orphan-lad is of a very different constitution and nature, to that under which Lord Morton Elwood endured his bereavement?

The fine, frank lad, with instincts, tastes, and impressions of a nobler order than his pale and faded lady-mother could have invested him, who, in fact, inherited the highest and best of his father's once manly and decisive earlier nature, did really and honestly regret the parent who had been so kind, so indulgent, so much at one time his companion, and Morton wept honest tears, and felt that something had given him that solemn, that awful impression of sorrow, in which minor griefs are extinguished or looked on with a mournful contempt.

But as it to form a striking and romantic (if you like, dear reader) coincidence, and to give the fact that especial flavour of emphasis, which is its due, Little Elsie, almost at the same time, became an orphan also.

Orphan, of course, twice over, for her father and mother had lain among the "roots and dew" many a time ago.

And now the last loving heart that had beaten for her with the love of a mother, and the affection of a father, was dead and still.

Daddy Greenfield was dead!

His body was laid with a kind of feudal respect and sentiment, so far as the sentiment may be worth anything, within a few feet of his late master and friend.

Ere long their common dust would mingle together.

Daddy Greenfield's death, however, was no common occurrence of Nature.

He was found in one part of the many "woods" which circled the vast estate—found with his forehead beaten in and his brains protruding out.

Evidently he had been murdered.

Everybody said "poachers" had done it.

When a ghastly matter like this occurs, it is not difficult to light upon the authors of the crime, the more especially if, after having given a dog a bad name, you want to hang him.

And a great many estimable men, country gentlemen, the "landed interest," squires metamorphosed out of stockbrokers, and a few (there are very few) squires of the genuine "water," have an honest antipathy to poachers, and would hang them out of hand.

On this occasion, however, it was *not* poachers that had done the deed.

It had been done by some highly scientific and largely cultured London burglars, who, in the commendable pursuit of their honest vocation, had been surprised by old Greenfield while holding confederate counsel together, and who thinking that he already knew too much, completed their initial job at once, for—

"—when the brains were out  
The man would die—"

And so the faithful old follower met his end.

He rested with the becoming humility of his degree and station at a proper distance from his old master and friend—the peer and the peasant coming to one common end together, and passing by a strange but irresistible metamorphosis, the gradation of state which had lain between them in life, by the so even equality and republican love-fine that death effects among all the descendants of Adam.

If we did but recollect our common ancestry what a difference!

But this is only by the bye, and not the story I have to relate.

Little Elsie was an orphan utterly and entirely so, since she had not the compensation which Lord Morton Elwood had—birth, rank, and riches.

The death of Daddy Greenfield, however, did not pass without sympathy and "proper expressions of feeling" at the hall.

Lady Elwood, who was hipped and lost, and hypochondriac, was not quite devoid of the feelings of a woman—"a fine lady" though she had been.

She had Little Elsie brought up to Elwood Hall and at once installed her, the moment the child had ceased to weep and sob for her fond old grandmother, as her own little handmaid, and Elsie stood in the most imminent danger of being spoiled by the artificial atmosphere which now

surrounded her, when first envy changed into adulation, and when her rising favouritism did not seem to have spoiled in the least degree, the beautiful and true-hearted girl.

The years roll over youthful heads with their varied degrees of wear and tear, with their more fatal knowledge of life and the world, to finer and loftier nature, with a daily increasing sense of the realities of life, the beauties of Time and Nature, and the development of those hidden instincts, which signify, in some degree, the future fate, as also the final causes of our existence and our being.

This is, perhaps, philosophical, but if the reader thinks it not quite to the purpose I have to beg his or her pardon, and to return; for it was only intended to show that, as the time went on, Morton Elwood and Elsie Greenfield, now no longer "little," were growing up, and standing on the threshold of young manhood and young womanhood; for the young heir is nearly twenty, and Elsie is seventeen, and neither of them have forgotten the first moment of their meeting, nor the almost solemn accompaniment of the same, seeing that it occurred in the presence of a dying man, whose presence and last words were ever associated with the same.

Lord Morton Elwood had been sent to college, where he pursued his studies with all the ardour of a nature that was fresh, earnest, and persevering. In anything, in everything he undertook, whether boating, cricketing, football, fencing, or even fighting—for he was a formidable hitter-out at times—the same determination and intense reality were displayed. He was so thoroughly in earnest (the secret of success and mastery) that he became a lion among lions, and his renown for prizes won, for twenty daring deeds, spread far beyond the walls of the University.

He saw but little of his home all this time, for he spent his vacations mostly in hunting, fishing, shooting in far away places, and never but twice in the ten years that had gone by had he set eyes upon Little Elsie.

Lady Elwood had adopted the lonely child, and attached her to her person, and by degrees had grown so fond of her youthful charge that she could scarcely bear to have her out of her presence.

Paradoxical as it seems, the patrician lady, whose beauty had faded, whose freshness was long departed, who was growing old, and whose whole life had been false, artificial, and fictitious, so to speak, loved to have the young girl, with her fresh face, her youth, her ingenuous nature, and her modesty ever beside her.

Youth and age—beauty and faded beauty—these exterior—the true and the false—assimilated in an unaccountable manner, and the Lady of Elwood, by some means or other, found that Elsie's presence re-acted upon her, and that there were times when she seemed to grow young again as she dwelt lingeringly on the girl's fair features.

#### PART III.—THE LOTUS-EATERS.

ONE of Terrence's dreamiest, and most exquisite pieces of melody, is devoted to describing the serene joys of the "lotus-eaters," who, floating idly on over an emerald sea, look up into skies of sapphire; and, in their indescribable tranquillity, realize the tranquility of the ancient gods, who, in their ineffable calm, sit unmoved for ever on their thrones.

A day of such profound and sunny calm, as that which I now open my chapter with, might fifty have suited such a scene, or picture, as the poet has so rapturously drawn.

A soft, radiant haze, all golden as it was, served to mitigate the fierce heat, which the vertical rays of the midsummer's sun was casting down at noontide.

The atmosphere was heavily laden with the odour of roses, and reeking with the rich aroma of the new-mown hay. The streamlet sang merrily, as it lazily trickled beneath the shadows of the alders, and the rain which had fallen in the early morning, more its "pride" than a shower had washed the ledge into a rich and refreshing brightness, so that the verdure of the grass, the hedges, and the trees were delicious for the eye to dwell upon.

Contrasted with the odours of the hay, which lay swarthy upon the mown fields, while the bronzed husbandmen sought the shade, and quenched their parched throats in cyder, whose rough sharpness gave an exquisite zest to the drink; contrasted with the almost cloying sweetness of the air, came the more acid, but not less grateful perfumes from the flowering potato fields, the glebe blossom of which is as beautiful and harmonious in tone, form, and hue as the gaudiest exotic that ever reared its flaunting head in the most magnificent palace of crystal ever seen.

At the "Elwood Arms," the pride and "public" of the quaint old village, under the great sign swinging from the gnarled branch of a mighty elm, where, on a prancing steed, sat unsteadily some antique founder of the ancient house,—beneath this, lifting a foaming cup to his lips, was a young man on horseback—horse and man splendid specimens of the twin races, which claimed them as kindred.

The horse was a descendant of the beautiful Arabian jet, we have heard of in a previous chapter.

The youth is Lord Morton Elwood.

He is as graceful to look at as if he were a piece of sculpture, the fabled beauty of which is supposed to have no prototype in actual life.

A great mistake for all.

With his heroic head and ample chest, with his Antinous torso, with his vivid, flashing eyes, his bronze and ruddy cheeks, with all the careless grace that belongs to masculine, human beauty, utterly unconscious of the same, he was, in truth, a rare combination of the fine physique of one well-born, well-educated, and well-lit by Nature with all, exteriorly, that can make youth attractive.

He was leaning back on the crupper of his

horse and talking to the jolly host who had brought him the taskard, while the buxom hostess, proud of the winning smile which beamed on his handsome face, was also standing by his hand.

"And how is my mother?" he asked.

"Much the same, my lord—much the same. She seems to go out but little now, except Elsie Greenfield is with her."

"Elsie! Little Elsie!" cried out Morton.

The hostess laughed—a ripe, rich, unctuous laugh.

"If you expect to see the 'little' Elsie of your early days," she said, you will be much disappointed, I can tell you. You forget, my lord, that you have been growing from a boy to a man, and that, as is natural, Elsie has been growing out of a girl into a woman."

The slightest shadow of disappointment for an instant clouded his brow. The next it had passed away again, and he laughed in turn a cheery, pleasant laugh, good to listen to.

"True—true, my good Mrs. Ingsley, I had forgotten that; though, to look at you, Time would seem to have done but little harm with you in the way of wear and tear, as they term it."

She smiled at the implied compliment, as not ill pleased with it; shook her head, then bridled slightly and said—

"Well, well, my lord, I suppose we must believe all we hear; but when you see Elsie Greenfield, you will say that Time, while it wears out with some, brings others to their fullest perfection."

"She was always a pretty girl," remarked Morton, in a lighter tone than perhaps he intended to have used.

"She has become a miracle, my lord."

"What! Mrs. Ingsley?" cried Morton Elwood.

"A miracle!" was the rejoinder.

"In what way?" asked the young man.

"She is simply the most beautiful young woman I ever set my eyes on," said the bonny hostess.

"And you must be a fair judge, too," returned Morton, with his beaming smile, and with some half-numbered or half-forgotten feelings, moving about his heart, and waking up to a new and eager life.

"Well, my lord," here put in the host himself, as he glanced complacently at his wife. "She has, in some sort, a right to be a judge; but she is a fair and honest one, and she says no more for Elsie than the truth will admit."

"Indeed! Then I must prepare myself for a surprise. It's a long time since I saw her, it's true; in fact, I have seen no old faces that I loved to look on for some years past, but I seem to warm to the old influences, and I have an excellent instalment of what I have to meet before."

Uttering these words in his winning, pleasant way, he leaned on his horse, kissed the hostess cheerily on the cheek, which blushed liked any cherry, shook hands with the jolly innkeeper, and rode on.

"I think, Madge," said old Ingsley, as he turned to his wife, "the young master is in a greater hurry than he was when he rode up."

"Ah, William, William," answered the other, "there was a time when you were readier to come and meet me than you have been since."

"Madge, my dear, I loved you very dearly, and would not lose you now, after a score of years has tamed and quieted the wild passion of the past. I married you, and you are an honest man's wife."

"Well!"

"Well! Will it be well if the young lord falls in love with his mother's servant?"

A strange, blank look, almost of dread, clouded the comely countenance. She spoke no word, but slowly and thoughtfully passed through the quiet porch into her bar.

Meanwhile the young horseman redoubled his speed.

The road was really one of those noble achievements which rendered England foremost in the world for its means of useful, easy, and picturesque transit.

It ran between green hedges, fields of wavy corn or mown hay, rows of stately trees, oak, elm, beech, the mountain ash, the fairy witch, hazel, and countless other forms of the beautiful in nature.

The land rose and fell, here into breezy downs, yonder into sylvan vales; and presently the wooded slopes of Elwood came in sight. The rooks in the wavy elms sang him a hoarse welcome; the wild gables of the ancient house were like old friends to him, and as he passed through the lodge gate and saw the curly-headed children of old Wilton Greenfield's successor, a sense of "home at last" struck him with a force and intensity of feeling he was scarcely able to appreciate.

The lodge-keeper's wife had made a curtsy of timid recognition of her young master, which he returned by a nod and a happy smile; but ere he had ridden twenty yards down the avenue he encountered a man whose face, once seen, and whose lineaments once thoroughly recognised, belong to the ineffaceable order of things that are never to be removed from off the mind.

The individual in question was a sort of hanger-on about the stables or kennels of the establishment. He had been attached in an indefinite capacity to Elwood for several years, but whether he did his duty well or ill, there was that about the man which instinctively repelled all who were forced into association with him.

Lord Lionel had permitted, tolerated, or accepted him, as one accepts a nuisance that can't be easily got rid of. There were darker rumours, too, about him, but as they also affected the reputation of the deceased master of Elwood, and redounded only to the discredit of his memory, it was judiciously accepted in the household that the least said was soonest mended, and even the report that this individual had some hand in the death of poor Daddy Greenfield, was stifled by the same inexorable necessity.

It is this:—

You must not "know too much."

(To be continued.)

## Edict and Edisdom.

GOOD FOR CRUTCHES.—Yonkee no-bia! How to CARRY THE PRESENT WAR INTO AFRICA.—Liberate the niggers.

Why is a drunkard not a loose character?—Because if he's tight he can't be loose.

What is the best kind of drink for sick people?—Well water.

Why is Mrs. Lincoln like Lazarus?—Because she reposes on Abraham's bosom!

What people are very apt to do before they "kick the bucket."—Turn a little pail!

Why is an owl in the daylight like the President of the United States?—Because he is a blinkin' (Abel Lincoln).

The first song in Paradise was a new ditty, and the first fashion in regard to dress was the *Fall style!*

TRUTH.—Naomi's matrimonial advice to her daughter (in law) was: "Get beaux, get beaux!" See Chap. A. I.

What will be the final signal for a gambler to give up his tricks?—The sound of the *last trump!*

Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world?—Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

What is the difference between October and November?—With October the leaves fall; with November the leaf leaves.

Little sincerity is to be expected betweenelligerents. Even their cannon-ball arguments are all *irony*.

THAT'S IT.—Why is a newspaper like the blood of a healthy man?—Because very much depends upon the circulation.

TAKE AWAY MY FIRST LETTER, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same—the postman.

Why is the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher worse than Brigham Young?—Because he has married more women than he can support, and would like to marry more.

Why will Americans have more cause to remember the letter S than any other letter in the Alphabet?—Because it is the beginning of Secession and the end of Jeff. Davis.

MILD CHEESE.—"That's a very old cheese," said the grocer. "Oh, yes," replied an old squaw, who stood near by, "he berry mile, I smell um two mile."

KISSING.—We hear of stealing a kiss. But why should a lady charge a gentleman with stealing what she didn't have till he gave it to her—the gift being the very thing she calls theft.

DON'T CARE.—The girls of Northampton have been sending a bachelor editor a bouquet of tany and wormwood. The wretched individual says he don't care—it's sweeter than matrimony anyhow.

FOUNTAIN.—After asking your name in the State of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of saying, in a confidential tone, "Well, now, what war yer name before yer moved to these parts?"

## Varieties.

A CHILD'S FUNERAL.—It is the most touching of sights, the burial of a little creature, which shuts its eyes as soon as the glories of earth open to its view, without having known the parents whose fearful eyes are gazing on it, which has been beloved without loving in return; whose tongue is silenced before it has spoken; whose features stiffen before they have smiled. These falling buds will yet find a stock on which they shall be grafted; these flowers which close in the light of morning, will yet find some more genial heaven to unfold them.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.—Let a friend advise you, and take heed to the advice of a friend. Never borrow more than the lender is willing to lose if you cannot repay it. And never borrow anything except in a case of most extreme necessity. Don't let the notion that you might do a great deal better business if you only had more capital tempt you into borrowing or hiring money which you may never be able to return. It may seem to you next to impossible that you should not be able to double and treble the money long before the time for payment comes, but as long as you know that it is not impossible, don't you risk it; unless, as was said before, your lender is willing to oblige you and take whatever consequences may follow. The more independent you can be in money matters, the happier and more of a man you will be. It is a thousand times better to commence life on a dollar business than to start on a large borrowed capital. Of course there are some men who do so start that are successful, and soon pay principal and interest of the borrowed sum, but the risks are very great. When you consider that hardly one man in ten prospers in business, how can you presume that you shall be the fortunate one? and if you be not, what a miserable addition to the burden of your ill-luck will be debt. Keep clear of it by all practicable means. If you do not, one of two things will certainly befall you, unless you prosper and can pay up. You will live all your days in shame and annoyance because of that debt, or your moral sense and your manly character will be lowered and undermined. You will cease to be respectable or respected. Whatever your means are, if they will sustain life, let it be your effort to live within them. If you want to do so, and your wife don't want to, your case is certainly a hard one; but you must play the man now, or you are gone, lost overboard, and you will never see land more. Stand by the right, no matter where it hurts you. Don't let the tears and penitence of a Cicer prevail against you. If she says, "You don't love me, or you would never ask me to come down to such mean living; I never would have married you if I had not thought you could support me," swallow the bitter pill the best way



You can, but don't budge from your position. Honour and the right should be dearer than wife or child. A man whose wife takes that position has a hard road to walk, and in all probability his heart's blood will mark it. One thing is sure, if your wife don't love you well enough to share your fortune, whether good or ill, and to try and encourage you in all that is your duty, she did not love you well enough to marry you, and she is an unworthy wife. But where there is one such woman there are ten others who are true helpmates for their husbands, and who will hold up both hands to the aspiration and the sentiment, "Even though we may struggle long with want and hardship, let us keep out of debt."

**MR. and MRS. REED, with MR. JOHN PARRY** will give their **NEW ENTERTAINMENT**, "The Family Legend," by Tom Taylor, Esq., with Mr. John Parry's musical narrative of "A Caliban Bawn," every evening (except Saturday) at Eight o'clock. Morning Representations—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three o'clock. **ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATIONS**, 14, Regent-street. Unreserved seats, 1s. and 2s.; stalls, 3s. (all spring) seats 5s., secured in advance at the gallery (without fee) and at Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, and CO'S, 201, Regent-street.

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